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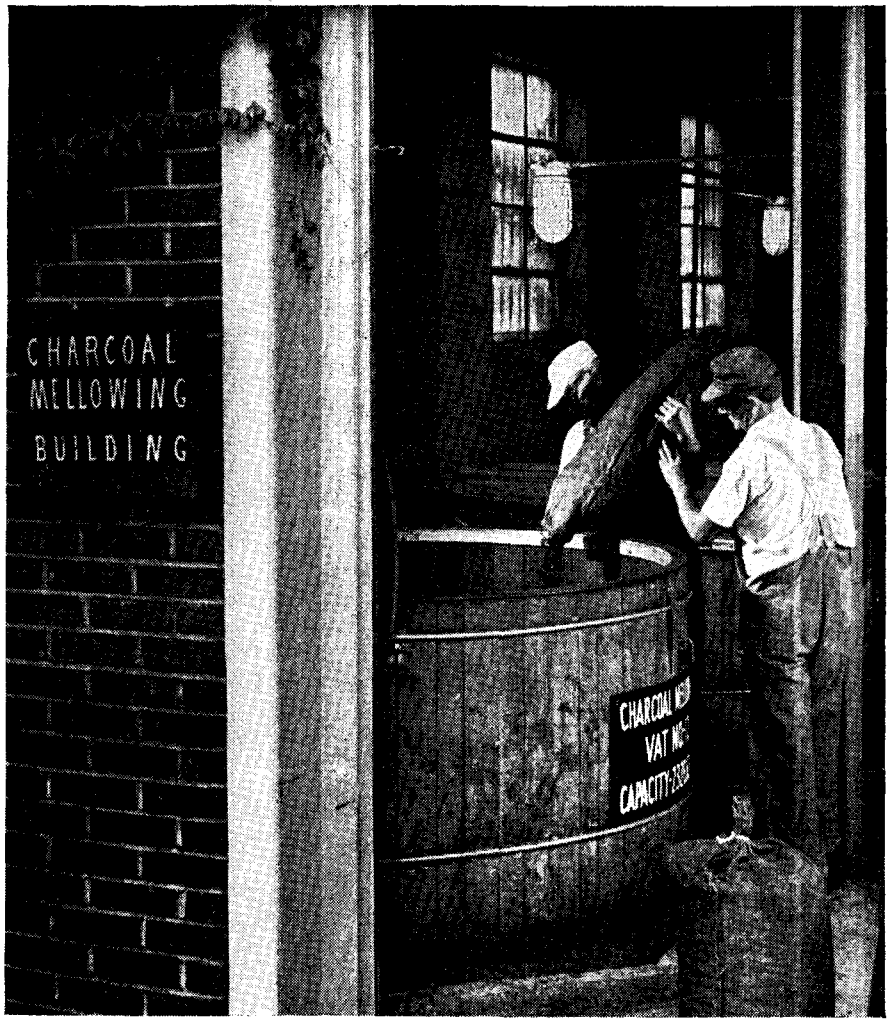

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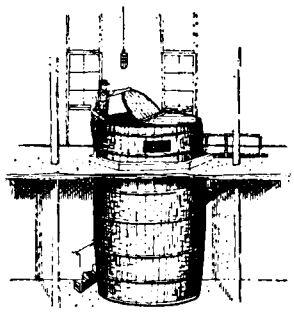

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INSIDE SR

Is summer camp educational? ("No, just camp," replies the wit of the staff. Perish the thought.) Camps either are or ought to be educational, if only because most of the people who run them are educators in winter life, reports **Ellen Bilgore.** Another of Ellen's camp discoveries: "bug juice—green stuff like Kool-Aid. It's universal. The kids all

Bilgore

Egerton

say they hate it, but they drink it anyway." An educational experience, clearly. We remember bug juice, too, as do many on our editorial staff. "Four years at Camp Nee-Ah-Wah . . . ughh," one recalls. Others cite personal experience at such camps as: two YMCA, one city day, one church day, one Boy Scout, one Girl Scout, one riding, two sailing, and one mélange ("that was not a camp; it was a school"). Our writer put in eight years at a girls' camp in Maine. Our photographers, **Paul Fusco** and **James Karales**, shot at Camp Viking, Orleans, Massachusetts; Skyline Ranch, Telluride, Colorado; and the Fresh Air Fund's Camp Hidden Valley, Fishkill, New York.

It was not at a camp but at a weekend retreat of sorts where our contributing editor **John Egerton** encountered the Brazilian educator and radical critic of society Paulo Freire. The effects, as he so ably tells, were mixed. Egerton has been an educational journalist for the past eight years and a consultant to the Southern Regional Council in Atlanta and the Race Relations Information Center in Nashville. He is the author of *A Mind to Stay Here: Profiles from the South* (Macmillan, 1970) and is working on a new book tentatively entitled *The Americanization of Dixie*. He is a frequent contributor to many national magazines.

Adult, as much as child, education concerns the coauthors of "Return of Mom," who describe "the new emphasis on parent involvement"—in the raising of their own children. **Sara Stein** is the author of the forthcoming *New Guide to Early Learning* (New American Library, fall 1973). Her collaborator, **Carter Smith**, the president of Media

Stein

Smith

Projects, Inc., is a former assistant publisher of Time-Life Books, for whom he initiated the *Sesame Street* books and learning kits. Stein's new series, *Open Books for Parents and Children*, is due out in the fall from Grolier.

Theorists of child development, Harvard's **Jerome Kagan** included, have for years believed that effects of deprivation in the first two years of life could lead to irreversible learning deficiencies. Psychologist Kagan startled the scientific world in December when he reported that, in effect, t'ain't so. He tells why in a conversation with associate editor K. C. Cole and me. Kagan has been a "baby watcher" for many years. Within another one or two he will produce his *magnum opus* in human development, *The Nature of Man*.

The nature of art and of perception attract the eye, and pen, of **Barbara Confino**, who reports on the Visual Arts Center of Rochester and its director, Nathan Lyons. A previous contributor to *SR of the Arts*, she is a photographer and lives in Montreal.

Department contributors this month include two Washington-area freelance writers, **Daniel Zwerdling** (Schools) and **Peggy Thomson** (Media & Materials). **Michael C. Lester** (Schools) is an assistant editor of the magazine. **William S. Welt** (Colleges & Universities) is a reporter for the *Providence Journal*. **William A. Sievert** (Colleges & Universities) joins our staff this month as a contributing editor. **James F. Fixx** (Life & Learning) is the author of *Games for the Super-Intelligent* (Doubleday, 1972).

D. W. C.

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Learning the Odds in Las Vegas

BY K. C. COLE

The classroom is a cocktail lounge. The teacher, a 22-year-old part-time accounting student at UNLV (University of Nevada, Las Vegas), uses the bandstand as a lectern. About 15 middle-aged students wearing everything from minks to ski jackets are seated at cocktail tables for the two o'clock class. A screen comes down over the curtain that separates the bar from rows of jingling slot machines. Bystanders wander over from nearby roulette, poker, crap, and blackjack tables to see what's going on. "Anybody winning today?" asks instructor Dave Moen. Silence. "Well, then, let's see if we can't help you out." Dave plugs in a 30-minute audio cassette, sets the slide carrousel in motion, and the gambling school at the Hotel Mint in downtown Las Vegas is in session.

On the screen, happy, excited blackjack players yell, "Hit me! "; "Down for double! "; "Pass! "; "Hit me again! " "Sound confusing?" asks the reassuring voice on the tape. Shot of smiling, friendly blackjack dealer. "Blackjack is really very simple," says the voice, which goes on to explain the fundamentals of the game. "If you want another card, simply brush your cards toward you to indicate that you want to be hit. Shot of hands brushing cards on the table. Shot of thoughtful blackjack player. More hands. Shot of friendly, smiling dealer. Final shot of perfect blackjack hand with silver dollars on it. And so on to roulette and craps. Hands placing bets. Friendly, smiling dealer. Reassuring voice explaining bet placements, odds, and jargon. Final shot of hands taking money.

There are two or three questions, and the class is over. "Now you can tell everybody you're an expert gambler," says Dave as he hands out the "diplomas." Then to me: "A lot of people take this class twice—maybe more—and they still don't know what's going on." Dave started playing poker after school in the fifth grade—until his father caught him. He still plays poker and dice with his friends but doesn't like to gamble in casinos. He got the job as gaming instructor after working "upstairs" at the Mint, running errands for the management. "I used to teach people strategies of betting as well as the basics of the game. But that didn't work out too well—especially when my students lost. People can get pretty violent when money's involved, you know."

The Mint offers gambling classes every hour from 9 to 5 daily. I stuck around for the three o'clock class. Afterward, I found a seat at a blackjack table and purchased ten shiny silver dollars. I brushed my cards toward myself to indicate that I wanted to be hit. "Don't bend the cards, lady! " yelled the dealer. He wasn't friendly. He didn't smile—not even when he took my ten silver dollars in less than five minutes. A little knowledge can lose you a lot of money. Which may be the point of the Mint's free gambling school. With 150 to 200 people taking the class every day, the Mint can count on winning a lot of silver dollars from graduates trying out their new skills.

For consolation I bought a chicken salad sandwich and chatted with a lady from Palm Springs, who had been playing the slot machines because it was "good for my arthritis." She asked me what I was doing in Vegas, and I told her. "Gambling school?" she asked. "What good is it if they can't teach you how to pull the lever so the money comes out?" □

K. C. Cole is an associate editor of SR of Education.

Sex School Dropout

BY THEODOSIA GARDNER

I am a sex school dropout. Not that you'd know it to look at me. I'm an average middle-aged woman, medium brown hair with eyes to match, nothing out of the ordinary . . . not even any good neuroses. My mother began telling me about sex when I was nine, and later my husband finished up the rest. We get along fine, so I never thought much about it until one night in my modern literature class at UCLA extension when the teacher said, "Anyone who can't say 'penis' aloud will automatically flunk this course."

Well, I looked around, and all the other ladies looked perfectly capable of saying it, because they were staring straight ahead. I had never thought much about it before—it was just one of those facts of life—but I wasn't sure I could look the teacher straight in the eye and say it right out loud, just standing there in the class.

Just thinking about it made it worse. Even writing it made me nervous. "Annie," I said to myself, "you're out of date. What you need is a sex school."

That's the nice thing about today. There's a lot of information around and a school for everything, even though

Theodosia Gardner is a freelance writer who lives with her husband and two children in Southern California.

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it's not listed in the phone book. But after all, the telephone company isn't Henry Miller. I found the sex institute through a bachelor friend. My husband told me he didn't want to go; the word didn't bother him.

For a sex institute it certainly wasn't sexy. Just a plain old building. The other students didn't look very strange either. No curling mustaches, passionate glances, or heaving bosoms. They were probably just like me, students of modern culture. Then the teacher walked into the room, looking like a mutation between a doctor and an embroidery hoop, his white shirt all crewcled and cross-stitched with birds and bees, and he looked as if he could say the word. I knew I was in the right place.

"We live in a sex-oriented society," he said. Then he winked at us as if we were fellow conspirators. "This sex institute teaches sensuality," he went on. "We teach you how to put your senses into action. For instance, when you fix coffee in the morning, you smell it, listen to it perk, watch it pour into your cup, and taste it with your tongue. With sex it's the same thing. That is how we get the biggest charge from the sex experience . . . by expanding our senses."

He leaned toward the men confidentially. "Know what provides maximum sensual excitement? Guess! It's right before your eyes, out in front!" Then the teacher answered his own question: "Hands. Your hands! They can rub, scratch, tickle, poke, stroke, and caress."

Hands?! The literature teacher would have flunked him.

"But before we get to that part," the sex teacher said, "we'll begin with a simple exercise which will increase your awareness. Find a partner. We'll start with a part of the body that isn't frightening: the feet."

My partner was a pimply faced man with jiggling eyes. He looked at me apprehensively as we sat facing each other, our knees lightly touching. The instructions were explained: "One of you will ask, 'May I look at your foot?' and your partner will answer either yes or no. The questioner will do as he is allowed and then say, 'Thank you.' Keep repeating these same questions until you feel comfortable with each other."

My partner cleared his throat and slightly bulged his eyes. "May I look at your foot?"

I couldn't quite remember how my foot looked. At its best it had never been exactly sensual. But was it clean?

"No," I answered sweetly, hoping he'd understand.

"Thank you," he said, looking relieved. He repeated, "May I look at your foot?"

Entering into the spirit of the institute, I shook my head in a sexy manner.

His eyes narrowed with rejection, which improved his appearance. He said, "Thank you." A note of petulance: "May I look at your foot?" "No," I said.

No longer desiring to look at my foot and gazing down the line of women who were saying yes, he muttered absently, "May I look at your foot?"

Suddenly I shouted, "Yes!"

His eyes jerked from my nose to my chin to my feet. It was like being clobbered by an octopus with suction cups.

"Thank you." He stared, paralyzed.

The teacher congratulated him. "Right on! You've made contact!"

Contact! My partner's eyes pointed like a bird dog's. In the nick of time, new instructions were given: "Reverse positions!"

The shoe being on the other foot, so to speak, I inquired, "May I look at your foot?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed, completely abandoning himself to sensuality. White as lard, the foot lay spread out for my appreciation.

I managed to thank him.

Determining at all costs to be mysterious and sensual, I winked slyly and repeated in a whisper suggesting foreign intrigue, "May I look at your foot?"

He said yes. Just as I'd expected.

Glancing apprehensively about, I silently tapped him on the knee and formed the words "thank you." Then, crouching to examine his big toe, I inquired once more, "May I look at your foot?" (indicating I might be contemplating surgery, but minor).

"Yesss . . . ," he hesitated, peering down over his knees.

"Aha!" I gloated, now a maddened scientist (immediate amputation!). "Thank you!"

He was getting nervous.

My eyes glistened: "May I look at your foot?"

"No!" he screamed and ran for the men's room.

So that's how I got to be a sex school dropout. Although I'm still nervous about that word, when my modern literature teacher asks me to say it, I'm going to go him one better and say something really dirty.

I'm going to look at his foot and say, "Hands!" □

Wey's Way

BY JOHN EGERTON

Critics of teacher education in the United States are as plentiful as sparrows. The most radical of them tend to stand at a safe distance from the places where teachers are educated; professors and deans who are in the business are inclined to be circumspect, and presidents of teacher's colleges are even less apt to be advocates of sweeping change.

It is worth noting, therefore, when the chancellor of North Carolina's Appalachian State University speaks with calm and disarming candor about a fundamental reconstruction of his institution's teacher-education programs. Dr. Herbert W. Wey is not what you would call a revolutionary firebrand—he has spent 34 years at Appalachian and the University of Miami—but since he became the top man at the 7,500-student university in the mountains of western North Carolina in 1969, he has carried out a steady flow of thoroughgoing reforms.

For starters, Wey has drawn the liberal-arts faculty into the teacher-edu-

John Egerton is a contributing editor of SR of Education.

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cation process. He has enticed faculty members out of the cloisters and into the public schools. He has fostered the notion of parity—between liberal arts and education, between the university and the public schools, between blacks and whites, between the mountains and the city. He has sent teams of faculty members and students to teach and learn in rural and urban schools. He has greatly increased the amount of time prospective teachers spend with children. And he has begun to move the university's in-service programs for teachers into schools where master teachers are at work.

Traditionalists who value the lecture method, academic detachment, and pedagogical theory tend to be disquieted by such unabashed practicality, and there has been some resistance to Wey's way of doing things. But Herb Wey is a persuasive and refreshing man.

"Most colleges are doing what they've always done," he says, "teaching prospective teachers some history of education, a little educational psychology, how a school is organized, and then sending them out to do some student teaching. If they get a master teacher to work with for three months, that's fine; but if they don't, the experience could do them more harm than good.

"It's changing some, though. Some people are asking, 'What does it take to make a good teacher?' We're just starting to list those competencies. Then we have to determine whether a teacher has those competencies, and if he doesn't, we have to devise methods and techniques of equipping him with them. Once he has them, you have to change your whole certification program, because currently it's based on how many courses you've taken and how many credits you've compiled. A competency-based program is entirely different: you either have to rely on the local institution to judge when a teacher is ready to be certified, or you have to do what the lawyers and doctors do—take a board exam, a written test, and a performance test.

"Now that seems very simple. But when you start doing it, you get teacher-education people so damn flustered they don't know what to do. Every school turns out teachers, every little college, and they get away with doing a poor job. I hope we'll see the development of teacher-training centers, limited to a much smaller number of institutions.

"Another problem is that so many teachers can't look on a youngster as a youngster, a human being who has a right to his differences. They have to categorize him as good, average, or poor. Our teacher-education programs have encouraged categorizing. That has to stop. Of the 1,000 or so new teachers we graduate at this university each year, no more than half go away prepared to function effectively in a multiracial, multicultural situation.

"In our faculty only one-fourth or less are now prepared to train good teachers in the way I've been talking about. We have to get them out into the schools, so they can learn. It takes a long time, but there isn't any other way except experience, complete immersion. Anybody who is involved in teacher education has to be involved with youngsters in the schools." □

Curriculum Vitae

This year's Harvard course catalog included the following intriguing listing: *Philosophy 10: "The Meaning of Life"; Half Course (Spring Term) MWF at 11.* The prospect of having it all explained to them in one semester brought more than 500 Harvard and Radcliffe students to the first lecture of Professor Robert Nozick's undergraduate philosophy course last month.

At first it seemed the ideal course—good reading list (the Bible, Hesse, Aristotle), interesting professor (Nozick is a 32-year-old, long-haired, blue-jeaned lecturer who wears track shoes to class), and years of good party conversation. The crowd at the first few sessions was a good cross section of Harvard—serious philosophy concentrators, intimidated freshmen, football-player types, and a lot of just plain college students.

But by the middle of the second lecture, the crowd was beginning to thin. Nozick was talking about "meaning as external causal relationship," "meaning as external referential or semantic relationship," and "meaning as intrinsic meaningfulness." Bewilderment dawned on the faces of the nonphilosophers. "If I asked, 'Is the present king of France bald?' " said Nozick, "and you said, 'There is no present king of France,' that would be a reply, not an answer." A few more of those, and it soon became evident to the searchers for easy meaning that there's no way. And so they left.

Such is life.

Editor's Note: The latest census, taken February 21 by our Harvard observer shows that attrition from "The Meaning of Life" has been 66.7 per cent. Such is indeed life. Next fall SR of Education *will bring you a report on Professor Nozick's next course, Philosophy 176: "Libertarian Thought."* □

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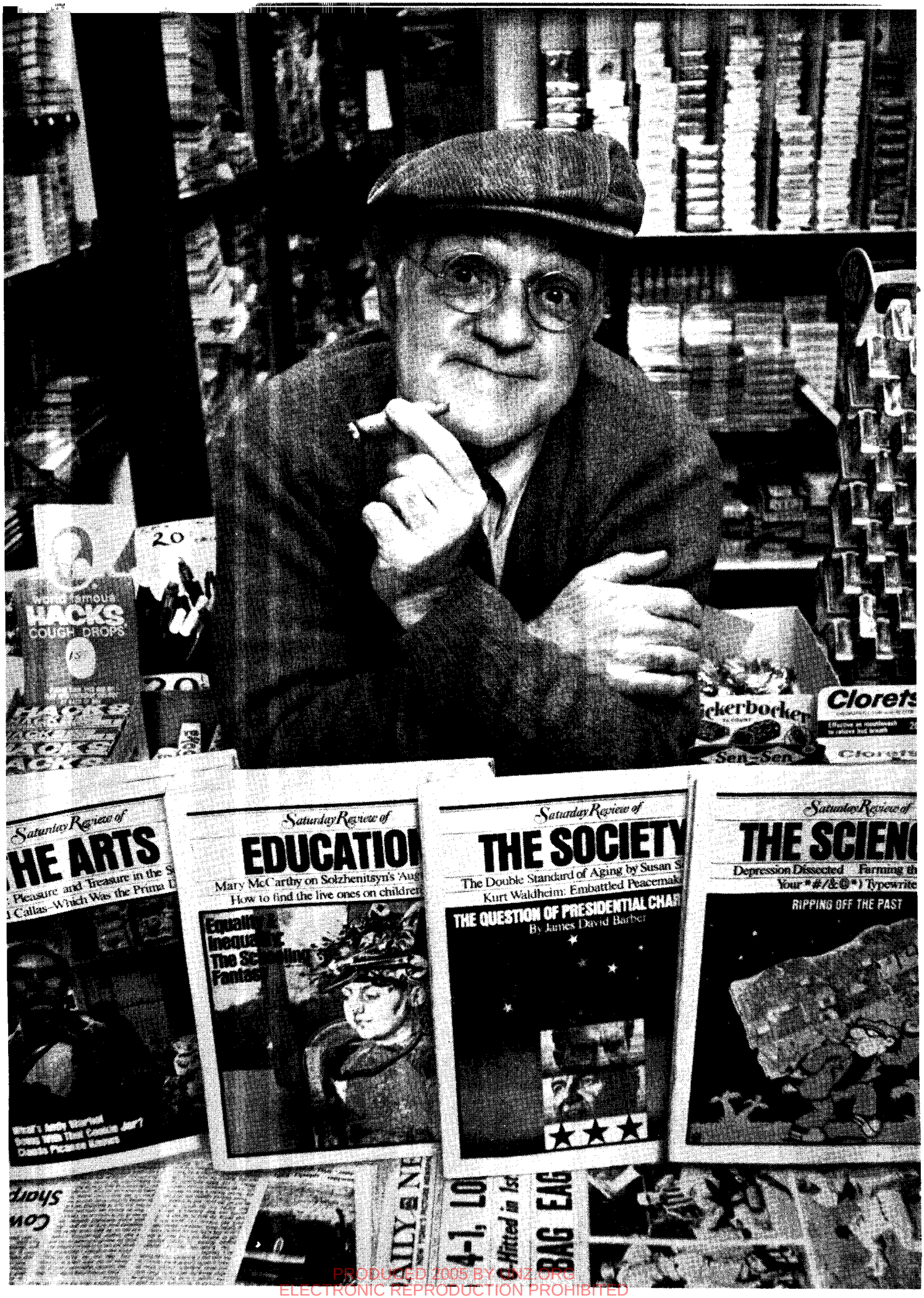

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Teen-age DJ

BY LEON TAYLOR

It occurred to me that it might be a dance; dances and fraternities seem to have that certain copyright on bright poster colors. But I rubbed my eyes and peered again, and the words reassembled like toy soldiers into a new plan of propagandistic battle: a call to arms for something called WNST-AM. Ah, a morning club. But after the cheery letters had fluctuated for a while, my eyes were directed toward some hasty scratchings at the bottom of the poster. "Radio Station for Indiana State's Rhoads Hall. No experience necessary."

Radio: RCA; the mutt with a fruitful ear cocked toward the horn of plenty. (Since it was eight o'clock in the morning, you will forgive me if I imagized a bit.) Radio was the work-day awe, the grab bag of sexual bones, the primitive lust transmitted by primitive electronics to primitive players affixed to a very primitive situation.

Best of all, the man who gave meaning to Monday mornings was the disc jockey: the DJ. He was the daring young man on the flying trapeze, swinging from hit to hit and improvising titillating punches of his own. For a high school kid like me—one of the living dead—he provided a pulse; it wasn't the words so much as the momentum; he was a natural idol.

With a wealth of memories like that, one is asking for a very nasty-tempered conscience if the call goes unheeded. So what could I do? I went in.

It looked like kindergarten for Thomas Edison. Wires, tubes, metal cases, strewn about a clique of wooden workroom tables. The human beings were almost extraneous, but there they were: bowlegged, toothpick-armed, jelly-bellied—they were all babes in toyland. That is, until they opened their mouths. Fluid, melodic organs spake; as the magnificent prima donna is created fat, so the thunder-voiced DJ is packaged spindly. I was new, and they were veterans, so I sat at their feet and attended to their wisdom. Organizational meetings being what they are, I endured until I could get one of them alone.

"I'm Dick Baum," he confided. "Station manager of WNST. Most popular WNST DJ, as voted by the men of Rhoads Hall in an extensive but thoroughly impartial poll."

"How do you do. I'm—"

"The most important thing about jockeying," he told me, taking me in like a favored son, "is that you really got to get *into* the *mood*. You've got to jive, to flow with that mike, to really get into the thing. *Hot!*" he shouted ecstatically. He began to snap his fingers and weave hypnotically, like a medicine doctor in a rumba dance. And then the weirdest sound emanated, raspy and urgent, as if a hot comb were logjammed in his craw. Luckily, he burst free: "*Yeah*, Yeah, YEAH, that was the SUPREMES pouring a little love on ya with 'I'm Gonna Pour a Little Love on Ya,' and, oh baby, this is the Supersex NST, where it's all HANGing OUT! The time is 14 minutes afterthebighourofeight, this is Dick Baum with the Mad Bomber Show, and GOD am I HOT!"

Suddenly he stopped motionless.

"See what I mean?" he asked.

"Well . . . ."

"I don't expect you to rap like that right at the beginning," Dick Baum said. He was still twitching a little. "I mean, you're still a neo, and your voice isn't exactly what we call, shall we say, 'star material.' It takes time and training to become a good DJ.

Leon Taylor is a sophomore at Indiana State University.

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You think I learned how to rattle off soul-jive like that in ten minutes? Lemme tell you something: it took me *days*. Long hours with nothing but a coke and a high stack of records. But it really paid off, and today I'm not only the station manager but WNST's most popular DJ, as voted by the men of Rhoads Hall in an extensive but thoroughly impartial poll."

"Wow," I said. I began to edge out. I thanked Dick Baum ("Anytime, Howard," he said. He also does the soul handshake) and descended three flights of stairs back to my room. I took my shoes off, lay down on the bed, and turned on the radio. It was on WNST.

First there was a song about teddy bears, then a song about the post office of love, and then a public service commercial about the three danger signs of pollution. They are filthy water, smoggy air, and excessive noise.

Dick Baum was the DJ. He said that the ecology thing was a real trip, a far-out ticket, and that we all really got to get our heads together and do something about it and not just talk about it, because, well, because we had to save the world.

For the first time in months I turned off the radio and took down a book to read—a Delany novel about a holocaust that wipes out technology. □

Male, Damn It

BY JIM SCHOETTLER

The administration of my school graciously arranged for another teacher to cover my first-grade class recently while I spoke to a high school class about sexist tracking and stereotyping. The first question after my talk reminded me that I had a stereotype problem of my own: "What is it like being a male first-grade teacher?"

That question has come up often, and I have never been ready with an answer—because I am not that thing. I am no more a "male first-grade teacher" than Margaret Mead is a "lady anthropologist" or Golda Meir is a "female prime minister." ("Mrs. Meir, handsome in a dove-grey wool dress, today launched 50 Phantom jets against guerrilla installations. . . .")

I have tried to unsex, or at least unisex, myself and the classroom. I avoid telling the children that any behavior on my part is masculine. I don't tell the girls to act like ladies, and I don't tell the boys to be brave. Even when we line up for some reason, we form one line, or two lines each consisting of both boys and girls. Withal, I remain a male first-grade teacher (damn it). "Teacher" is my occupation, and "first grade" is how my children are carried on the school rolls.

There are advantages to being a (damn it) male first-grade teacher. Some are trivial. I believe that parents and administrators are somewhat tolerant of informality in a man's classroom (men are expected to be sloppy). At one parents' conference, a mother was full of praise for what I had done to increase her child's self-esteem, as well as to improve her reading and math abilities. But she added quizzically, "She doesn't seem to pick up her room the way she used to . . . ." I quickly explained, of course, that not all behavior changes could be credited to the teacher.

Discipline is less of a problem for male teachers. Children are conditioned to think of men as authority figures. Sometimes I consciously try to counteract this stereotype; more often I take advantage of it without thinking.

One factor may or may not be an advantage: school districts encourage men to teach at the lower primary level, and I suspect they may use a double standard when evaluating them. This can be annoying. I had everything working like clockwork during one visit to my room by a man from downtown: a few children were doing work at the listening center, others were at their workbooks or other individual projects, they came to me one by one for individualized reading, everybody was quiet and considerate, and everybody was working and, ostensibly, learning. The administrator's only comment after watching this for a half hour: "It's good to see a man teaching first grade."

Some advantages are truly significant. Even in the comfortable suburb in which I teach, a third to a half or more of the children do not have a close relationship with a man. The love that some children show for me is often intense enough to create problems of its own, but there is no question of its importance in their lives. Thus, despite all my efforts to unsex myself (professionally speaking), some of the children persist in calling me "Daddy" from time to time.

But I have not failed completely, for they call me "Mommy" sometimes, too. And the other day when we joined Mrs. Wright's class to watch a movie and the projector failed as Mrs. Wright was threading the film into it, she looked up at me from the cogs and sprockets and said sarcastically, "This will take a man." It was one of my own students who immediately replied: "I'll go get the custodian." □

Jim Schoettler teaches first grade at Hillcrest School, Concord, California.

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TRAVEL

The New Expatriates in Paris

BY LAWRENCE LITZKY

It's winter in Paris. The tourists are gone. English is no longer the official language of the Latin Quarter. But it's still heard, and not infrequently. It's the English of a new generation of American exiles, perhaps a thousand (or more) young Americans who live here quite apart from the student, business, and diplomatic communities.

The expatriates seem earnest, intelligent, and, by conventional standards, somewhat aimless. For the most part they did not leave America in opposition to the war; when I sought them out, they talked instead of billboards, pollution, and slums.

"America was perverting me," said Steven, a 21-year-old from Shaker Heights, Ohio. "Advertising. Decay. Millions of cars. How could I remain? How could anyone remain?"

Steven's personal history is conventional. Good home. Good family. For his twenty-first birthday a new Fiat—the ambiguous gift of suburbia, hovering between blackmail and reward for his college diploma. Steven had always wanted the new Fiat, but, somehow, it came too late. Now all that remain of his car and his parents' ambitions are a sheepskin coat purchased in Afghanistan, 1,500 francs, and a comfortable apartment off the Place de la Contrescarpe.

Steven spends much of his time at the La Chope café, a few minutes from his apartment. He talks there with others who grew to awareness in the Sixties, speaking loudly and often bitterly. The bitterness is intense. It's real. But above all, it is aesthetic in character, devoid of moral outrage or political consequences.

"I left America because it made me sick. My senses were being destroyed, attacked." After Steven said that, his friend Paul added: "America is an affront to the senses."

"The virtue of France," said Martha, a 19-year-old from Los Angeles, "is that it's backward. Oh, I suppose in some ways it's running after America," she added, "but it won't catch up. That's why I like it. It's slow to pick up on modern things. Most of Paris is still old. I love the trees, especially in summer—the leaves hanging overhead as you exit from the metro stations."

Paris has always held a magical charm for Americans. Its monuments, its churches, its artistic traditions, the old streets and old buildings, have become clichés in the literature and experience of adventure, romance, and tourism. But even as clichés, they retain their magical power. Americans are hungry for beauty; in Paris they find it. They are hungry for history; in Paris they find it. True, the beauty and history are being destroyed in spots. Ancient courtyards are beginning to give way to vast highrises. But Paris has lost neither its charm nor its character.

It is their aesthetic sensibility, more or less conscious, that has brought many of the young Americans to Paris today. Occasionally, they are not quite certain why they've come, but they know they are more relaxed here, more in tune with a certain ambience of culture, of elegance, a simple visual harmony. "Now I'm convalescing," Steven said. "I don't know if I'll ever return."

The aestheticism is not just the appreciation of history and art that always attracts Americans to Paris. The aestheticism, often rooted in vague and uncritical notions about beauty and simplicity, has become an ideology. The notions are not encumbered by anything so subtle as a Platonic metaphysic. Nor is there a romantic longing for the Absolute. There is only a rather elementary reaction to an America perceived as ugly and complex.

"I love Paris; it's a beautiful city. That's why I'm staying here." Beauty and simplicity are made the basic determinants of life choices. Newspapers exist, but the news is seen as less important to self-discovery than is mental repose, generated perhaps by the harmony of a quiet, ordered courtyard.

"I don't think I can contribute effectively to any political cause until I straighten out my own head. And I couldn't do that in the States," Arthur said. He'd taken LSD two years before, while attending the University of Kansas. "I think I can straighten out my head here," he said. "Paris is a groovy city—just look at that park." He pointed to the Luxembourg Gardens, a geometer's dream.

Joan sat at the next table in the café, reading Anais Nin. She joined in: "The thing I like about being here is that I feel so alive. I find myself looking around me all the time. I notice so much, almost like I'm stoned." She said it in a thick Chicago accent, and Steven noticed that it clashed with her delicate features.

Joan continued: "America's ugly; it stifled me." The aesthetic rejection is a terse formula, frequently repeated. It's not surprising. America is the land of sight, of oversight, of excessive emphasis on the visual modality. The substitution of one visual field for another seems—especially to these young Americans—a profoundly significant thing.

Of course, the "Lost Generation" of American writers in Paris—Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein—created a myth that influences today's expatriates. There is self-consciousness among the young Americans in Paris, an awareness of the mimicry and parody in their own behavior. "I live near the Place de Clichy, where Miller used to live," said Tom, who is 24. "That's nice. I like it. I walk on the same street where he used to walk. But sometimes I worry that I'm thinking the same thoughts."

Tom wrote his adolescent *bildungsroman* when he was 17. He left Philadelphia, he says, because he was bored with being Holden Caulfield; now he's growing bored with being Henry Miller. "Sometimes," he said, "I feel that Stein, Miller, Hemingway, ruined Paris for the rest of us."

Serious study of the earlier examples is often omitted. Marilyn has written two novels, both of which she calls "very modern." "Hemingway is okay," she said, "but he was a bit simple. He writes of a different age. I don't like getting lost in the past." Her artistic freedom is based, not on a conscious critical rejection of earlier artists, but on a transcendence of them, an arrogance that is not always justified.

Artists, writers, actual or would-be, aesthetically sensitive souls—all here in Paris, hoping to realize their dreams. They've come from New York, Los Angeles, Kansas, anxious to escape from an America whose face they've found appalling. Their aspirations, desires, and longings are ambiguous, and around the fuzzy edges of their dreams hover unacknowledged contradictions and responsibilities. They feel something is wrong with America but lack the will or political consciousness to work for change. They are pleased by the beauty of Paris, and in Paris they will most likely remain. □

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LETTERS

Improved Education on the Way
I read James Cass's editorial "The Schools in Perspective" [*SR of Education*, February] with great interest. I agree that the current outlook with reference to education and human progress is one of widespread loss of faith, both in and out of the educational profession. But the "deschoolers" have a blind spot. They seem to assume that the education we now have—that is, the schools—cannot be changed. I do not believe it. I have learned from experience in working with community schools and community education programs in the inner cities and suburbs that education can be different. In the past we have made serious mistakes. We have put our faith in gadgets and forgotten that education is *for* people and that education *is* people. We have failed to open our schools to all, young and old, both as learners and teachers. We have been short on respect, love, and compassion.

Ernest O. Melby
Center for Community Education
Florida Atlantic University
Boca Raton, Fla.

Competition or Cooperation?
I should like to suggest to Harold Howe II that competition and cooperation are not mutually exclusive categories ["Start with the Schools," *SR of Education*, March]. The idea of emphasizing cooperation as the major value in public schools has been with us for a number of years. The problem has been that within the context of the public schools cooperation usually meant the submission of the individual to the interests of the group. The values that are more appropriate for citizens of a democracy to learn are those that are associated with democratic process. Children in the public schools should be allowed as much self-government as they can effectively handle so that they can experience democracy firsthand. Children can and should participate in the search for appropriate rules of behavior in their school and classroom and thus experience the democratic process in a meaningful way.

Leo Leriche
Instructor, Department of
Social and Philosophical
Studies in Education
University of South Tampa
Tampa, Fla.

The Fight Against Poverty
The OEO has won some battles and lost a few, but can you expect everyone to take up the flag and fight against poverty without the weapons of experience to help them ["Ombudsmen at Work in Dayton," *SR of Education*, March]? Yes, other people can take on the responsibilities of OEO, but will green troops fight any better than seasoned veterans? Ending poverty is a slow process, which requires a great deal of organization. If OEO is to be discontinued, I only pray that some organization will be willing to take its place.

Charles Vogt
VISTA
Butler, Mo.

Bleak Futures for the Century's Survivors
Some stimulating views were presented in your symposium "How Will We Raise Our Children in the Year 2000?" [*SR of Education*, March]. But a crucial omission was the acknowledgment of the increasing degradation of the natural world, by which alone we have our being, and the relation of this multiple disordering by our distorted technological culture to the domination of self-seeking industrialism and subservient governments. Unquestionably, these basic facts affect everyone's values and well-being—physical, mental, spiritual, and conceivably even survival.

Elise Jerard
Chairman, Phi Beta Kappa
Environmental Study Group
New York, N.Y.

The picture painted by Abbie Hoffman forecasts a bleak future for our posterity. His "polymorphous incest" will foster only alienation as it further impersonalizes love and estranges physical intimacy from emotional intimacy. Children will be born out of recreation, not love, and will be burdens, not friends. In his monument to self-indulgence, Hoffman fashions a world in which commitment and devotion will have no place. How then shall he teach children or adults about love and friendship? Hoffman's year 2000 promises only childish preoccupations in the place of fulfillment, passing pleasures in the place of lasting satisfactions, loneliness in the place of companionship.

Hall Marston
Occidental College
Los Angeles, Calif.

Why bother asking Gloria Steinem for her views on child rearing? She is not particularly interested in children or family life. She and her supporters consider child care a bore (which, of course, it *sometimes* is) and are more interested in ducking the responsibilities of parenthood—by using 24-hour child care centers.

Helga Wulfman
Rolla, Mo.

Are Books Obsolete?
Roland G. Brown wanted to argue that for today's students books are obsolete and that consequently a bookless curriculum is necessary ["Bookless Curriculum," *SR of Education*, March]. To present his argument he wrote a *book*. How ironic.

Richard Fulkerson
Assistant Professor
Department of English
East Texas State University
Commerce, Tex.

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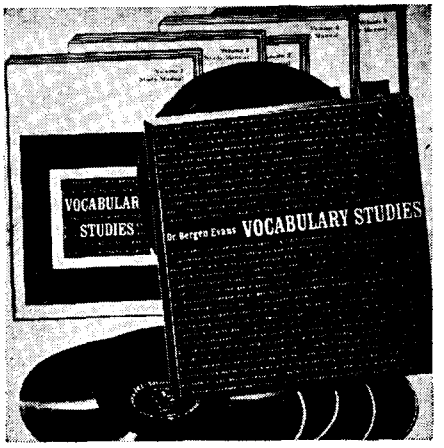

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EDITORIAL

Nixon's Three Rs: Reducin', Retrenchin', 'n' Retrogressin'

If ours were a more perfectly functioning democracy, there would be relatively little quarrel with President Nixon's education budget for the year beginning July 1. The federal establishment *has* grown too cumbersome, and it is easy to see why Nixon says, as he did in his State of the Union message: "We must reject the mistaken notion . . . that ever-bigger government is the answer to every problem." The tax burden *has* been getting heavier and heavier, and it is tempting to applaud when the President says, as he did in unveiling his fiscal 1974 budget: "It is time to get big government off your back and out of your pocket." Many programs *have* proved to be "poorly conceived and hastily put together," as Nixon notes, and it is difficult to argue when he adds: "We are going to shuck off . . . and trim down those programs that have proved simply to be failures."

Notwithstanding all that, however, the fact remains that our democracy is sufficiently far from perfection to make the proposed education budget an alarming document.

The size of the budget is not the principal problem—although even in that area there is cause for concern. The administration proposes to spend $13.8 billion between July 1, 1973, and June 30, 1974—$5.7 billion for higher education, $6.1 billion for elementary and secondary education, $931 million for adult and continuing education, and $956 million for a variety of other projects. Overall, this represents an increase of $247 million over the current budget. Sounds good, until one realizes that the figure represents an increase of only 1.8 per cent and that inflation is running at a rate closer to 2.5 or 3 per cent. Thus, real spending is virtually certain to decline in the coming year.

More important is the question of how the money is to be distributed, and by whom. The Nixon budget would shift responsibility for many of the compensatory education programs established under Lyndon Johnson's landmark Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 to state and local governments. Washington, however, would still pick up the tab through "education special revenue sharing." Some $2.5 billion is to be earmarked for such sharing. In strictly theoretical terms, the idea makes good sense; governors and mayors have frequently been hamstrung by rigidly drawn "grant-in-aid" programs that come with a bewildering variety of strings and stultifyingly detailed directives on precisely how the money is to be spent, no matter what local conditions prevail. Revenue sharing is designed to change all that. As the administration puts it: "The replacement of the narrow categorical grant-in-aid programs will allow spending priorities to be determined at the level of government closest to and most sensitive to problems and needs. It will allow states and localities to decide how best to meet those needs within those priorities."

That is perfectly sound political theory, consonant with the valid notion that the federal government should do only those things it must do, or can do better than lower levels of government or than private enterprise. The trouble is that the federal government created all the programs that are now being dismantled because *nobody* else—not the governors, not the mayors, not the great corporations, not the possessors of huge private fortunes—was doing a blessed thing about them. That, and not some sinister impulse toward Caesarism, is why Franklin Roosevelt and Lyndon Johnson so greatly expanded Washington's involvement in so many areas of our lives. Johnson, in particular, was also well aware that the greatest venality is usually found at the lowest levels of government. Notwithstanding the Teapot Domes, the 5 percenters, the vicuña coats, and even the Watergates that periodically come to light, the greatest governmental corruption takes place in the sheriff's office or in city hall or in the governor's mansion, not in the White House.

What is more important is that the statehouse has never been overly concerned with the poor, and particularly not with the urban poor. Despite reapportionment, most state legislatures are still run by rural lawmakers, and few are inclined to feed back into the cities the tax revenues that come out of them. Is there any reason to hope that they will do so once they get their hands on the federal education funds? During this fiscal year, for example, $1.6 billion in federal aid is going to the states for educationally deprived children; imagine what the state legislatures might do with a windfall like that!

Some of the programs now facing the ax no doubt deserve it. The "impacted areas" provision—aiding schools with sizable enrollments of the children of federal employees—should have been done away with years ago. Broad-gauge programs to encourage students to enter teaching no longer make much sense with a growing surplus of teachers in the United States. With college enrollment stabilizing or actually declining, subsidies for construction of more buildings can hardly be justified.

Some programs that are up for increased funds are worthy of praise. Nearly $1 billion is ticketed for "basic opportunities grants"—direct aid to college or graduate students; the trouble here is that the administration has shifted its focus in higher education almost totally to this area and proposes almost no direct aid to colleges and universities. The budget for the National Institute of Education, which was created to oversee most of the government's research and development in the field and is a promising innovation, is to increase nearly 50 per cent, to $162 million. And the administration is asking for $202 million for aid to desegregating school districts, as opposed to less than $60 million for the current year; that increase of more than threefold certainly seems laudable, but the fact is that the proposed figure is not even within hailing distance of the $1.5 billion that Nixon pledged in special aid to such schools when he struck his anti-busing stance.

Nixon's unkept promise on aid to racially troubled schools underlines the major defect of his new budget—its back-of-the-hand attitude toward the poor, the black, and the otherwise disadvantaged. Shifting responsibility for these children to our governors and mayors is risky business, indeed. Perhaps, after four decades of a relentlessly growing role for Washington, it is time to test whether the states and localities can at last shoulder the burdens that they managed to ignore for so long. We can only hope that they will shoulder those burdens successfully. Unfortunately, there is not a scintilla of evidence to indicate that they won't blow it again and compel some future President to begin reassembling the pieces that Richard Nixon is strewing all over the landscape.

RONALD P. KRISS

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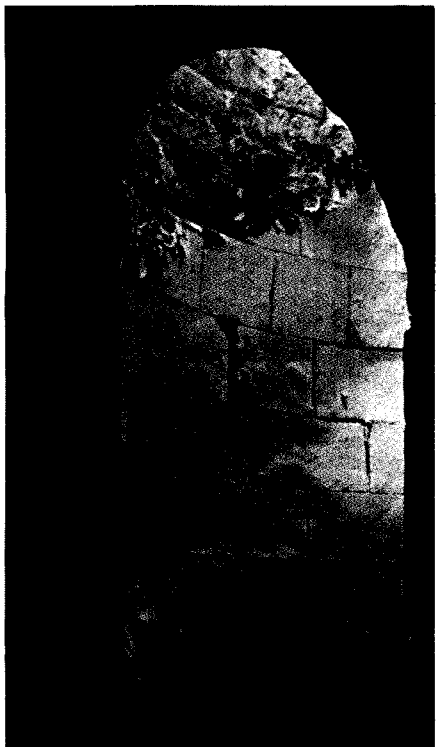

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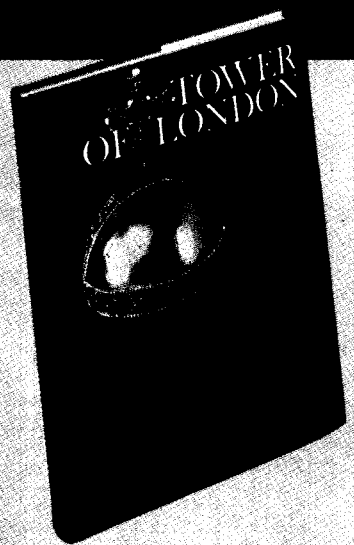

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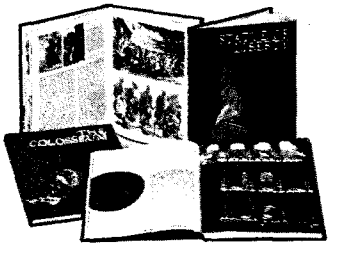

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BY ELLEN BILGORE

What makes a good camp? Are they changing? A guided tour—and where to go for advice.

OFF TO SUMMER CAMP

There are probably thousands of normally unshakable adults who never get through the twenty-sixth of June without a flash of memory evoking the stale smell of a train and the nagging feeling that somehow they've forgotten to name-tag something. I am one of them. As a child, I was regularly scheduled for two months of prime time in the Maine woods, where, parental propaganda had it, I would meet other nice children, make new friends, learn to live with other people, swim, sail, paddle my own canoe, and wield an ax. In that order. Maybe.

I was never altogether delighted about it. I recall scuffing the toes of my newly polished Indian Walk Sandals on the information booth at Grand Central Station at seven in the morning, waiting for the Camp Arcadia train and impending doom. What I experienced was the wrenching transition common to 300,000-odd children who each summer go away to camp for the first time. I was convinced then that it was a form of exquisitely refined torture for the overprivileged. I have to keep reminding myself of that as I now look longingly back on those fresh-air-and-lots-of-exercise days from the vantage point of an apartment-bound urban pollution victim.

Camping is a uniquely American institution. The germ of the idea is probably directly attributable to the drama and romance that pioneering has always had for the people in this country. In fact, the birth of camping in roughly 1900 postdates the closing of the frontier in 1890 by only ten years.

The modern result is a kaleidoscopic mélange of summer camps for children, ranging from the original man-against-the-wilderness concept to kiddie country clubs; places to learn Romanian,

Ellen Bilgore is a freelance writer based in New York City who reports frequently on youth culture.

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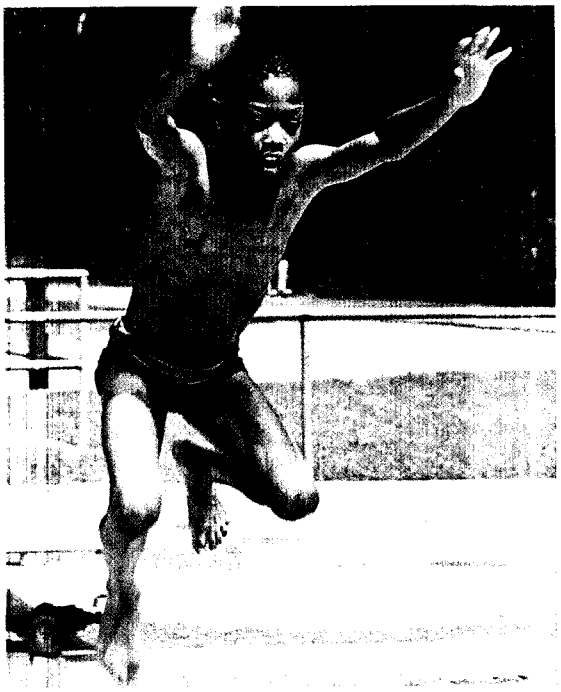

Rock climbing, sailing, farming, outdoor cooking, swimming, a blind-folded "self-discovery" experience—all are common activities at camps in Colorado and the Northeast shown on these pages.

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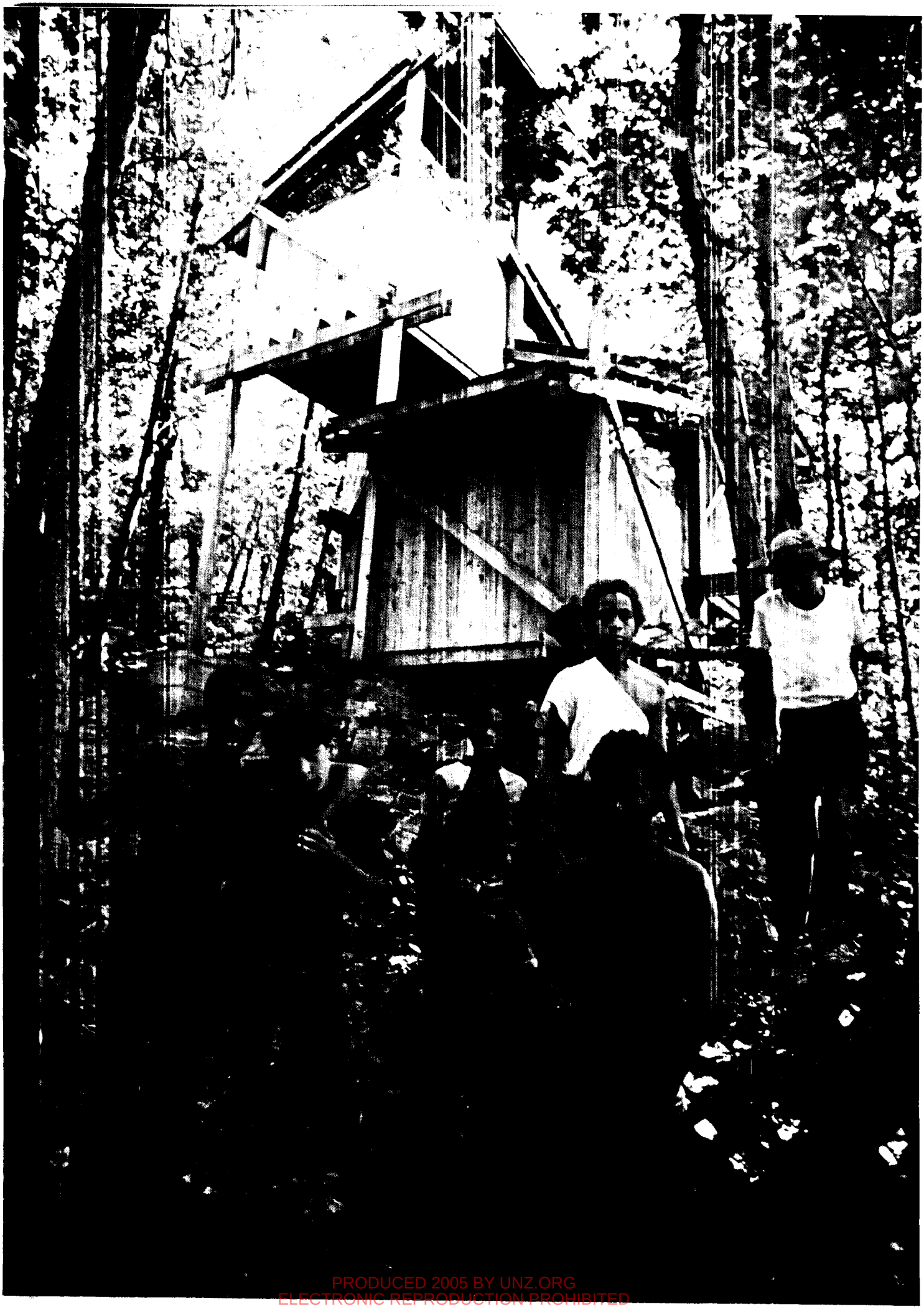

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Camp directors call it "a total living and learning experience." At left, campers and their supercabin at a well-equipped agency camp.

Russian, or Greek; dance camps; riding camps; ice hockey, basketball, and football camps; farm camps; and others even more varied and eccentric. Of course, camps, like schools, do more than provide summer education: they establish very clear patterns of class stratification. There are ritzy rich-kid places, middle-middle, lower-middle, lower-upper, and just plain no-income camps. These last are the "agency camps," so called because the children are sponsored by various charitable institutions for periods of time ranging from a weekend to two weeks. Naturally, the children of Grosse Point, Scarsdale, Winnetka, and other bastions of the rich do not go to agency camps; they go to camps to be with other children like themselves, often the same children with whom they attend school.

What actually happens to children in their summertime civilizations? Do they learn anything? Or could they achieve the same ends by having fresh-air respirators wheeled into their bedrooms at home?

What they're *supposed* to be doing is developing character and skills. Camp directors never tire of talking about their development of the "whole child."

Last summer, when I revisited my childhood stomping ground in the Sebago Lake region of Maine and various other popular camp areas in the Northeast, what I saw was a series of microcosmic societies generally devoid of evil, corruption, and greed—except for one rather seedy, money-grubbing exception and another that was blameworthy through sheer ineptitude. These places were pumping ideals, physical exercise, and consciousness of the environment into children who were soaking it up like life's blood.

My own camp, Arcadia for Girls, in Casco, Maine, smelled like a mixture of new-baked bread, pinecones, and freshly washed children. My first adult sniff of the place flipped a lever in my brain that catapulted me back in time to my tenth or eleventh summer and flooded my memory with a hundred corny camp songs, lifted by some ardent counselor from a roster of popular songs dating back 50 years or more.

Arcadia hasn't changed much in the 54 years since Dr. George Meylan, one of the first presidents of the American Camping Association, founded the place. His daughter, Juliet Meylan Henderson ("Mum-Mum" to me), is on the verge of retirement now, easing the responsibilities of directorship on to her two daughters, Louise Henderson and Anne Henderson Fritts. What they've successfully tried to do over the years is to create a simple, productive environment in which the agonies of the world are carefully siphoned out. No drugs. No sex. And apparently no interest in either.

At Arcadia the pecking order is based entirely on athletic skill and—for counselors—rapport with the children. In contrast to its more earthy co-ed counterparts, small children at Arcadia probably get a better shake and more attention.

The Hendersons say the place works as an institution because it's not just a recreational facility. "By the time a child reaches camp age," says Mrs. Henderson, a grandmotherly figure, pigeon-breasted and cozy, with the best story-telling voice on the East Coast, "the group is becoming much more important to the child than the parental relationship. They're at the 'gang stage'—that's why they learn to cooperate so much faster here than they do at home."

What is striking at Arcadia is the competence of the instruction. At the camp's expense, the waterfront staff is sent to Red Cross Small Craft School or Aquatic School. Many of the campcraft people are Junior Maine Guides, the height of achievement in the New England area for wilderness camping. The campers blissfully absorb skills into which stringent safety procedures and top form are incorporated, and they work purely on their own initiative for "levels" of accomplishment. First-level canoeing, for example, teaches the elementary strokes and includes a capsizing test and safety rules, as well as all the canoe terminology you'd need to know if someone were hurling instructions at you in a crisis. Second-level sailing, swimming, or campcraft is still pretty basic form- and coordination-development stuff. Third levels polish the skills further and add most of the fine points to whatever sport or area you happen to be cultivating, and fourth levelers are nearly expert enough to teach. Since no pressure is applied and the schedule is revised daily so that a child can pick her sports according to her level and inclination, a camper can diversify her interests as much or as little as she likes.

Now, to a greater degree than ever before, the emphasis at Arcadia is on wilderness camping. The Hendersons say they've found that a wilderness-camping experience reinforces their ideals of character building better than any of the other lessons they teach. "What we're after," says Anne Henderson Fritts, "is to expose the child who comes here to a variety of different experiences and, hopefully, make each of them curious, investigative people. After all, if you total up the number of hours that we have a child in one camp season, it's greater than the number of hours that a teacher has the child during an entire school year."

This is, of course, a restatement of that familiar theme of camp directors: "the education of the whole child." Many of them object to wintertime education on the grounds that schools are geared to develop only one portion of a child's anatomy—his brain. "In the academic world, if you don't have it, you just don't have it," says Louise Henderson, a veteran educator with five years of experience as headmistress of a private school. "Knowledge of Latin is simply no measure of the way you get along with Suzy, who sits behind you in class. But that's a vital factor in a child's development. At camp everyone's talents get recognized and developed: the arty kid, the big tennis player, the little kid who swims the length of the dock for the first time. We don't need to worry about statistical measurements here."

Statistical measurements (brain variety) may have no place at camp, but at Pine Hill Camp for girls (as I shall call it), also in Maine, it's difficult to resist measuring things. Here's what they have: 300 girls with a median age of 13.2, median waistlines of 22.7 inches, and an average of 4.5 bikinis apiece; 3 motor boats; 10 tennis courts; an unspecified number of horses; 3 softball diamonds; 15 rowboats; 30 canoes; 3 volleyball courts, and one of the highest fees (well over $1,000) of all girls' camps in the country. They also have potted geraniums surrounding each of the living cabins, beautifully manicured lawns, a Park Avenue winter address, and a fully equipped theater complete with a full-time costumier, so that eight miniature Broadway productions can be put on each summer—presumably by the girls. And they have hockey and lacrosse instructors imported from England for the summer, an enormous, well-paid staff, and the weakest set of values since Marjorie Morningstar decked herself out in riding clothes for her maiden

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equestrian venture in Central Park. They have . . . opulence. The entire place seems to echo with the ghostly voices of harassed Wall Street fathers and Bloomingdale mothers whispering, "I want my child to have the best of everything."

But at Pine Hill Camp the children are getting shortchanged. The place is overfacilitied and underloved, and the emphasis, sadly, is on acquired rather than real worth. Granted, the children there have the opportunity to become highly competent athletes (abnormally high counselor salaries can buy a lot of proficiency), but what's missing is the cheerful camaraderie evident at most camps—the sort of atmosphere that allows a child, for perhaps the only time in his or her young life, to mix with adults on a close-to-equal basis.

Pine Hill's director, Lacoste-shirted and manicured, was sitting in his airy, pin-neat office when I arrived to interview him. Typewriters clattered at full speed all around him. Charts papered the walls, detailing counselor schedules and upcoming activities. Pine Hill is one of the most completely charted places I've ever seen.

"My wife and I were in the market for a camp," said the director, who is headmaster at a private school in New York City in the wintertime. "And when we learned that Pine Hill was for sale, we jumped at it, sight unseen. We just knew that it was the Harvard of summer camps."

Maybe once, but no more. As we walked around the grounds, the director groped wildly and often unsuccessfully for the names of campers on their way to silver shop or sailing or hockey. Everything was organized, systematized, honed down to a recreational science. The camp is run on a competitive team system. "It's a way of programming the entire summer," I was told. "A team game has preference over everything." In this age of open classrooms and increasingly relaxed teaching methods, it hardly seems sound procedure to pit children against each other like guerrilla warriors simply to make programming easier. And the system is further based on age groupings, so that a child has very little access to any children other than the ones in her own group. Certainly, at Pine Hill there is very little opportunity for any significant contact with the directorship. Surrogate grannies are hired to cope with counselor difficulties and relay them to the camp heads. Only a Yale man would call it the Harvard of summer camps.

The next camp on my itinerary, Robinhood-Quannacut, is a coeducational YM-YWCA camp in upstate New York that actually does provide a stimulating, creative atmosphere (and, incidentally, a great good time, complete with campfires, marshmallows, and spooky stories) for $3.95 per day per child. "Y" camping began as a basically middle-class institution. But recognizing the pressing need for agency camps, the YM-YWCAs have made the transition. Self-staffed agency groups bring the children to camp and finance the two-week excursion themselves. A full-time YWCA staff supplements and directs the activities.

The atmosphere of the camp is charged with the energy and dedication of the staff, and although the children arrive understandably reluctant and distrustful (dampened by nearly a decade of ghetto life), the prevailing spirit of optimism and whimsy soon catches their fancy and trust.

The administrators at Robinhood-Quannacut are an impressive trio of disparate talents. The assistant director is a Chinese-American, just back from a double stint in the Peace Corps in Thailand. Another is a Juilliard cellist bent on teaching the kids appreciation for classical music as well as "the music of the ghetto." And then there's Andy Blackett, Robinhood-Quannacut's director and prime mover, the man who generates the enthusiasm, conducts the swimming lessons, and leads the late-night campfire sings.

Blackett, himself a veteran of ghetto life, is a gangly man, all arms, legs, and Bermuda shorts. But the focal point of his appearance is his face—delicately boned, sensitive, yet streetwise, topped off with a handkerchief knotted at four corners. His main preoccupation last summer was to find a way to con a basketball court out of the "Y" trustees. Basketball, he said, is more than a game for ghetto kids. It's a kind of special therapy. According to Blackett, personality problems exhibit themselves under familiar circumstances (basketball is familiar), and they can be rooted out faster there than they can almost anywhere else.

At Robinhood-Quannacut the children are kept hopping. One group shuttled off to swim, while another was carrying on a spirited Blackett-supervised stickball game in the middle of a dirt field. Still another was crafting lanyards (whistle necklaces made out of a braidable plastic material called gimp—lanyards are one thing that seems to be a common denominator of all camps). A fourth group was conducting a dance workshop in the spacious dining hall.

Blackett's personal conviction is that if a kid is lucky enough to get yanked out of the ghetto for two weeks in the summer, he or she ought to be pumped full of "the good things in life" while he's out, to store up ammunition so he can fight back at the slum life. "Beauty—that's what these kids have to see," says Blackett, who is a teacher of fine arts in Long Island in the winter. "But even more important, they have to be able to recognize it when they see it. There's plenty of beauty in the ghetto, but the kids have to be able to identify their kind of beauty and use it to supplement their knowledge of the more classical kind of arts orientation we're trying to supply them with here."

The fee was well over a thousand dollars, and the director called it the Harvard of summer camps. Maybe—but only in the eyes of a Yale man.

Robinhood-Quannacut's "arts orientation" is somewhat haphazard, but it's there. A creative writing program is in effect at least nominally. The children are exposed to classical music made palatable by interspersed doses of more familiar rock and soul.

But at another agency camp I visited in New York State, which I'll refer to as St. Paul's, only the barest physical necessities are being provided. A total of 1,315 children, ages 6 through 11, are bus-shuttled in and out of the camp in rapid succession. They fall into categories summed up in the brochure as "Abused," "Neglected and Dependent," and "Mentally Retarded."

Some of the children at the camp bore road maps of scars on their backs as evidence of the brutal treatment they'd been subjected to at some time in their short histories. Many others were malnourished. Some had retreated from their hostile world almost entirely. One little boy, about seven years old, hadn't spoken a word in two years. Another, whose mother had neglected to send his medication along to camp with him, had been heavily sedated.

It is virtually impossible to deal with severe personality disorders adequately in two short weeks, when the problems are at least six years in the making and come in multiples of 284 (the number of campers who attend each two-week session). And it is true that administrators of social service agencies are apt to suffer from "social work syndrome," a kind of immunity to sensitivity. But the religious and lay personnel who run St. Paul's seem to do

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a notably cheerless and impersonal job.

The present camp coordinator, a nun, warned me on our tour of the camp that the children were likely to grab out at us as we passed and that she was afraid my white slacks would get dirty. No one grabbed, and I noticed that the habits of all of the other sisters were just as spotless.

The day of my visit was steamy hot. The air was so still it shimmered, making the small pond in the center of the camp look marshy and stagnant. The smell of sweat and fetid beef stew in the airless dining hall was enough to add the final fillip to any slightly rocky stomach. The place was all dust and heat and bugs. Dispirited-looking children, mostly black, lounged on the steps of their cabins, sipping lukewarm milk from a seemingly endless supply of half-pint cartons.

A complicated program of events, including swimming instruction, boating in canoes and rowboats, fishing, arts and crafts, riflery, and archery was supposed to be in effect, according to officers of the camp's sponsoring agency in New York. But compared with other camps I'd seen, this one was almost lifeless.

A hike was in progress—up the rocky dirt road and back again, while the children did their best to thumb rides from passing motorists. Thirty-five children, inadequately supervised by one male counselor and a fully habited nun yards away under a tree—knitting—paddled around in the murky water. Two lone adventurers, equipped with strings, sticks, and bobby pins, fished ten feet away from the swimmers. So much for the fishing program. The rest of the children were . . . doing nothing. St. Paul's is supposed to be a remedy for institutionalization, but for the children who go there, the main difference between the camp and the institutions they come from is the grass under their feet and a change of supervisory faces.

Specialized camps are always being "discovered" in various reports, but they have roots in the earliest days of camping. Camp Chewonki, for example, was started 57 years ago and is the oldest ecologically oriented boys' camp in the country. Long before it was fashionable to worry about ecology, Chewonki campers were being discouraged from ripping birch bark off trees and wings off butterflies. Now they are being taught to restore the ecology of a saltwater marsh adjacent to the camp in an effort to preserve their primitive, ruggedly beautiful piece of the Maine coastline. They're also involved in community service projects where, for instance, they bury dumps along a nearby river or carve a new trail up the side of a mountain for the forest rangers. They take nature walks supervised by one of the wintertime biology teachers who flock to Chewonki for summer jobs. They maintain ant farms and rabbit hutches in their small zoo, and they collect plant-life specimens. But only dead things like pinecones are eligible for collections. No insect pinning or formaldehyde pickling allowed. And each boy is encouraged to keep a journal, recording his own observations and comparing them with those of Thoreau.

Chewonki is so well thought of among various nature-loving luminaries that many of them (including Rachel Carson) have sent their sons there. Chewonki's shaggy and articulate director, Tim Ellis, is a man with big enthusiasms, a résumé of ex-teaching jobs that trail all over the map, and definite opinions about the educational relevance of camping. "I was frustrated by what was going on in the schools that I taught in," Ellis says about his decision to go into camping full-time. "I felt that the basis of education was to help people find out more about themselves and about relating to the outside world. That seemed to be happening in a much more dynamic way in camping than it was in the schools." Ellis is so convinced that camping offers an educational experience infinitely superior to that of ordinary schools that last year he combined the two in a special school-related program.

"It was a kind of post-camp experiment in character development," says Ellis, "including 'outward bound' challenges and environmental study. If you give a child an environment in which there's little pressure and encourage him to expand his horizons, there's no limit to what he'll accomplish." The program was so successful that Ellis is trying to expand it this year.

Ellis's views point up an interesting development in the world of camping. Now that many schools have begun to pursue more seriously the notion of developing the "whole child" by extending learning experiences beyond the classroom walls, camp directors and school people are coming into sharp conflict. There is even a national coalition of camp directors who have vowed to fight the trend toward year-round school on the grounds that it would lead to the demise of camping.

If schools continue to reexamine their basic goals and provide more experiences in the "real" world, this conflict can only grow sharper. But schools will probably never be able to develop a substitute for one of the basics of the camp experience: the opportunity for a child to find out what he or she is like as a person, reflected in the eyes of his peers rather than his parents. And then there's always the fresh air. □

FOR MORE INFORMATION

Nothing can improve on a personal visit to a camp—but a comparison of prices, geographical accessibility, and special programs can narrow the choice. Listed below are several organizations whose publications or advisory services can help parents through this difficult process.

American Camping Association
Bradford Woods
Martinsville, Ind. 46151
This is the largest and most comprehensive camping organization in the United States. ACA publishes a yearly directory ($3) of more than 3,000 camps examined in such areas as personnel, program, sanitation, health, and safety. Camps are indexed and listed alphabetically by states. Also given are the founding date of each camp, its location, affiliation, and details on capacity, price, program, and facilities.

Advisory Council for Camps
366 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017
This is a personalized parent-counseling service that tries to find the most suitable camp for each individual child, based on price, age, location, philosophy, and interests. The service is free.

Association of Private Camps
55 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10036
Primarily a service organization for camps and camp personnel, the APC also publishes an annual booklet listing more than 100 private camps along the eastern seaboard. The booklet ($1) provides the camp location, age categories, capacity, features, and fees.

National Jewish Welfare Board Camping Services
15 East 26th Street
New York, N. Y. 10010
This organization publishes a concise directory of primarily East Coast Jewish camps. The brochure ($2) includes age categories, length of season, fees, facilities, services, and dietary information.

Porter Sargent
11 Beacon Street
Boston, Mass. 02108
This educational consulting and publishing firm offers a book entitled *Guide to Summer Camps and Summer Schools* ($3) that lists more than 1,000 private summer camps throughout the United States and contains a separate section on Canadian camps.

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A group of southerners went to a weekend retreat seeking a prescription for educational revolution but ended up

Searching for Freire

As a radical critic of education with an international reputation, Paulo Freire is almost as famous as Ivan Illich. Freire is a 52-year-old Brazilian professor who spent 17 years in devising and refining a program to attack massive illiteracy, only to be rewarded with imprisonment after the military seized control of Brazil's government in 1964. He spent a few months in jail and then left the country, going first to Chile for five years, then to Harvard University for a year, and finally to Geneva, where in 1970 he became a consultant to the World Council of Churches.

Since Freire's book *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* was published in the United States three years ago, he has become a respected and popular figure among advocates of revolutionary change in our educational institutions. Early in 1973 he came to this country for a series of workshops and conferences sponsored by the National Council of Churches. The first of those meetings was held at a conference center on St. Helena Island, near Beaufort, South Carolina. *Saturday Review of Education* contributing editor John Egerton was the only journalist there, and he brought back these notes from the weekend experience:

Friday: We are at Penn Community Center for three days of talk about "Learning and Change." Freire is the chief drawing card, and about 60 invited guests are present. It is a motley group: young and old, male and female, black and white, urban and rural, establishment and antiestablishment. Most of them are southerners, and all are interested in education, whether as a livelihood, a means of salvation, or a subject of discontent.

Freire's reputation has preceded him. He is, says the literature, "one of the most controversial educational figures in contemporary Latin America," a man who "provides the educational means by which the revolutionary rank and file can be assembled," and a personal friend of Ivan Illich (they have had a profound influence on each other). The initiators of the conference have advised us that he "performs best and is happiest in small group discussions," that he "tires easily and should not be overscheduled," and that he dislikes speaking English for long periods and prefers using a "language facilitator"—a translator.

At the first session after dinner, Freire and his wife, Elza, are introduced but do not speak; the silence adds to the mysticism around him. "He is like a sponge," one of the National Council people tells a small group afterward. "He soaks up everything, learns from every experience, every encounter."

Saturday: We divide into four groups for daylong discussions of selected topics: institutional reform, community development, cultural development, and the education of children. Freire visits three of the groups, listening intently but saying little. Late in the day he joins the education group. The familiar questions have been asked: How can you combat an educational system that domesticates, indoctrinates, and acculturates children? How can children be given the freedom to grow and to learn? What should schools teach—values, skills, survival, political consciousness? Can the system be changed to serve the people? What are the alternatives to schools? How can people get the power to influence the educational process? These are questions with multiple answers, or perhaps they have no answers at all.

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"Education is so bad; maybe we should just shut it down," says one woman. "But what's the alternative? There are not enough jobs and none at all for uneducated people. If we stop school now, we'll produce mass illiteracy and make people easier to manipulate by an oppressive dictatorship—look at Freire's Brazil."

"There is no realistic alternative to the public schools," a black man says. "All this talk about abandoning the system is just a middle-class copout by blacks and white alike. It's naïve." And a young black woman responds: "I think it's just as naïve and unrealistic to think the system will ever do what we want." The argument has come full circle. Freire listens but still says nothing. After dinner the entire group comes together again to hear summations of the four discussions. The sense of frustration so prevalent in the education group also is apparent in the other three. They, too, have trouble in defining terms and objectives. There has been talk of reform, evolution, radical change, revolution, but an air of restive disunity is in the room. When the last report is finished, it is finally Freire's turn to respond.

In spite of a full, gray beard and long hair curling over the collar of his coat, there is little in Freire's appearance that suggests mysticism. A short, slightly built man with an incipient middle-age spread, he wears glasses, slacks, ankle-high shoes, and a dark sweater under his jacket. His round face is accentuated by a receding hairline, and he puffs deeply and frequently on filter-tip cigarettes as he speaks in English, gesturing for emphasis with his small hands.

The gist of Freire's remarks is that without a "global perspective" of oppression, people are apt to lose themselves "in the alienation of daily life." You can understand the effects of oppression, he says, without understanding the reasons for the oppression. "Maybe I am not right," he says. "You are Americans; you are dealing with the dough. But I think maybe you are too concerned with the rooms and not concerned enough with the whole house, the whole community, the world." He goes on about "the risk of losing the perception of totality," saying that people are too submerged in local problems, too fragmented. You can't deal with educational problems without having a clear political and ideological objective, he says. You have to organize, be clear who it is you are against, and know who the enemy is. It is the same the world over, he says.

Freire talks about television as a "tool of alienation," calling it "a beautiful instrument that transforms us into empty bodies that have to be filled with propaganda." It internalizes people, he says, forcing them to be silent and passive, "with the illusion that they can think critically, know what they want, have opinions." In reality, he says, "this is one of the most alienated of all countries. People know they are exploited and dominated, but they feel incapable of breaking down the dehumanizing wall."

> "You Americans have been concentrating on a crisis in education, when it is really the whole system that is dominating you."

What do we do about it? He answers his own question: We can accept the rules of the game, he says, and, like everybody else, strive for success, spending our energies in pursuit of a house in the suburbs and a new car every year. Or we can try to escape by getting close to a few people and perhaps starting a commune, seeking to build an isolated little island of happiness.

But, he adds, we will probably fail if we join the rat race or try to escape from it or try to fight it in small, narrowly focused ways. What we must do is organize, get a broader view, not just of education but of the entire social, economic, political, and ideological superstructure: "You are concentrating on a crisis in education, when it is really the whole system that is dominating you. In my opinion, this is one of the faults of Illich." Illich, he implies, is a reformer, not a revolutionary. "Don't delude yourself into thinking you can overcome the dehumanizing reality which alienates you by attacking little problems," he says.

After 45 minutes Freire stops. There is a brief silence, and the chairman starts to adjourn the meeting. "Aren't we going to get to ask him any questions?" a voice asks from the circle. Freire nods assent. "You talk about the danger of being co-opted by the system," says the questioner, "but aren't you yourself living in the belly of the beast by working for the World Council of Churches?" Well, yes, Freire admits. "The World Council can't be the vanguard of the revolution. But I can't be in Brazil. I could be working for a university, but that's the establishment, too. We all have different roles to play. In three years in Geneva I have never felt restricted by the World Council in any way. I have no choice. Nevertheless, my contradiction continues to exist." When the meeting is over, the young man who had asked the question goes up to Freire and says, "From all the buildup you got, I thought you could walk on water." Freire laughs and says, "I appoint you to demythologize me."

Sunday: There were to have been caucuses, small groups formed around common interests, but they don't materialize. Everybody wants to talk to Freire, to get down to cases. So Freire talks again to the entire group, for just over an hour. He talks about the time of praxis, which he defines as reflection followed by action; he disdains "reformist tactics"; he speaks of Marxian analysis, of dialectic, of a liberating pedagogy. He makes several points repeatedly: Education is never neutral. Education is a shared process between teacher and students, a creative act in which all parties both teach and learn. Verbal revolutionaries who talk but never act are false prophets. Students are not empty containers to be filled by teachers. Education must be grounded in political and ideological choice.

There is a coffee break. "If education is a shared process, then why are we not sharing? Why is he lecturing to us?" a disgruntled man asks. After the break, four or five people engage Freire and his interpreter in a conversation away from the larger group. Part of the exchange goes like this:

Q: *You are known in this country as an educator, an exile, and a radical. How do you describe yourself? Are you, first of all, an educator?*

A: I would not say that I am an educator, apart from a person who has a political identity. If I responded affirmatively and said I am an educator by profession, then I would be admitting a separation of my profession and my political identity. Perhaps the best way to respond would be to say that I am becoming an educator with a political identity.

Q: *Could it be that your reputation is based on your exile? If you were still in Brazil, still involved in teaching adult literacy, might you not be just one of many people trying to bring about radical change in education—another religious, middle-class reformer?*

A: If I were in Brazil today, I would be silenced. I would perhaps be surviving by selling bananas. I could not have written *Pedagogy*—and, very possibly, I would not have become known.

Q: *If you were an American and not a Brazilian, do you think you would have a reputation as a revolutionary?*

A: That's a difficult question to answer. If I were an American, I might have a different perception of the problems. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't have an advanced ideological position. A young American educator whom I consider to have one of the greatest

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perceptions of education today is Jonathan Kozol. His book *Free Schools* is a beautiful book. Kozol is becoming more and more of a radical in our sense, not just in the American sense. He is not a naïve man—he knows that free schools cannot change reality here; they cannot become the avant-garde of revolution in this country. But he sees them as one of the ways to proceed in this society. I would like to establish a working relationship with this man.

Q: *What would you do about the masses of children who cannot be accommodated by free schools such as Kozol talks about?*

A: We have many different tasks, tools, areas to work in. What is important is to organize these different tasks. We have to take advantage of the opportunity to act in this country and develop a thorough study of political education. We have to have political organization and political leadership of national stature. The problem you have here is the same as the problem in Latin America—possibly it is even greater here. The ideological divergences between the various revolutionary groups are enormous, and even within these groups there are great differences. What has to be done in this country is to effect a relative unification among the various revolutionary groups, to develop a strategy and tactic for the political education of the entire country. But what happens is that blacks, Chicanos, and Puerto Ricans try to organize by themselves. They are not, by themselves, a social class. Sooner or later these groups have to become conscious of class, or else the revolution doesn't happen. Ideological and political unity is essential.

Q: *Are you saying, then, that it is a hopeless thing?*

A: No, no. On the contrary, I am optimistic. But we fight among ourselves while the right wing is united. For example, in Latin America I am considered a reactionary by a lot of people. They classify me as a bourgeois. They are helping the establishment by doing that. We have to unify. But it is very difficult. The establishment has a fantastic ability to popularize rebellion—it begins now, and two months later it runs the risk of becoming a hobby.

The conversation has lasted for two hours. Although those who took part feel a start has been made toward finding Freire, most of the people at the conference have been excluded and are not happy about it. After lunch a young Brazilian in Freire's traveling party shows a two-reel film about the torture of Brazilian revolutionaries and follows it up with a talk. When he finishes, Freire is gone for a rest. The people drift back to their quarters, grumbling, and before supper about half of them organize caucuses.

"The establishment has a fantastic ability to popularize rebellion — it begins now, and two months later it runs the risk of becoming a hobby."

The criticisms tumble out: It has become fashionable among romantic radicals in this country to read and talk about Illich and Freire. But Freire is no more radical than most of us. There is no originality in what he says—it's the same old rap. He has lectured us, criticized our narrow focus on small problems, but his alternative—the global perspective—is stale rhetoric. He's a political and ideological theoretician, not an educator. There is nothing concrete and specific in what he says. One participant sums it up: "I don't know how Paulo reacts as a person to anything."

There is an assembly after the evening meal, and caucus spokesmen read the grievances and suggestions. Freire, showing frustrations of his own by now, reacts somewhat testily in Portuguese. "There is apparently a very profound difference between the way I see the objectives of the workshop and the way you see them," he begins. "To me, it is just a little moment in the total process of learning and not a factory for solutions to problems." He goes on to say the workshop schedule is too demanding—"it looks like the schedule for a presidential campaign"—and adds: "When I accepted this invitation, I never thought of myself as coming to the United States to teach Americans how to liberate themselves or to learn how to liberate myself. You have your own problem, and it can't be solved in three days. It took centuries to get in this mess. A workshop is not a pill you take to change attitudes. If I had the formulas for liberation, I'd have gone back to Brazil long ago. I've learned to assume a humble attitude in the face of such enormous problems. Liberation is not a question of technique. If it were, it would be easy—just learn the formulas and apply them. Liberation is a political question. It implies having power, taking power, changing the structures of power. If I had simply discussed the problems of schools, it would have gotten us nowhere. I have tried to respond globally. You are waiting for the guru, the professor, waiting for the last word. I came here not to teach—not to give you formulas but to share something with you. I came here as an unfinished human being and not as a god."

It is easily his best performance of the weekend. A white woman speaks up: "We have all been frustrated. But maybe our days here have been a very real sort of workshop, a laboratory of Paulo's process in action." Then a black woman: "We have invited this man here and crucified him. He said what we needed to hear, but we didn't listen. I'm ashamed of this group. Paulo doesn't have to apologize to anyone. This is a dishonest conference." Others are not as convinced. "He didn't walk on water," says one, "but he showed us the nail holes in his hands." And another: "I still think the criticisms are valid, and he didn't deal with them."

Monday: Freire meets with a small group at breakfast, listens to the members talk about their problems, offers a few general comments and suggestions. "I don't have too many hopes that within your local school system you will be able to do a great deal. But do what you can. And beyond that there are a great many things you can do outside."

There is one final session, at which Freire talks about the adult literacy program that he organized in Brazil. After an hour or so he stops. Without further questions from the floor, the meeting is dismissed; the weekend ends.

"I came here to get some help—some ideas, some inspiration," a young man says, "—and I got it. It's right here in my notebook. I'm satisfied."

"I didn't get much from Freire," says another, "but I met a lot of very interesting people, and I learned a lot from them. At least I know a lot of people are trying to do the same thing I am. Maybe we can help each other."

"It was an impossible situation for Paulo," says a third. "Our expectations were too high. We were expecting some kind of all-wise guru. He could never have satisfied everybody, no matter what he said or did. Personally, I found him warm and affable, with a sense of humor."

"The rhetoric of revolution turns me off," says someone else.

Freire and his traveling party leave for a weekend conference in Phoenix, with an intermediate stop in the Mississippi delta region. After that there is Seattle and Chicago and New York and finally the return to Geneva. It is Paulo's search for America. And the Americans at Penn Center, their search for Paulo having ended on a mixed note of disillusionment and discovery, go back to their community organizations, their classrooms, their alternative schools, their day care centers, their school boards, their church agencies, to resume the search for ways to make a difference. □

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When home is school and school comes home...

Return of Mom

BY SARA STEIN
AND CARTER SMITH

Getting mothers involved in the rearing of their own children may be the most important educational movement of the 1970s. Not the "mother knows best" kind of involvement that assumes every woman who picks up a baby understands "instinctively" what to do. Most women don't. In fact, if educators have had a single message for parents during the past decade, it has been that parents have done a generally good job of messing things up. Home, and not school, has been taking most of the blame for educational failure. But ask the Office of Child Development what is the most critical ingredient of early learning. Ask community groups setting up day care centers, ask educational publishers, ask child psychologists and educators of almost any philosophical stripe. All of them will answer: parents.

The new emphasis on parent involvement rests heavily on the broken dreams of the 1960s—a decade of compensatory education, enrichment programs, "head starts," and "follow-throughs." There was a dream that the poverty cycle could be broken, that every child could attain his full potential. For many children, however, the disparity between their ability and their performance is still a gap of despair. Rich and poor remain starkly identifiable by IQ, reading level, and report card.

Only a few years ago the way to close the gap seemed clear. Jean Piaget's meticulous experiments had documented how experiences shape cognition from earliest infancy. Benjamin Bloom's statistical studies revealed that 50 per cent of our ability to learn is built by age four and that from then on greater effort is required for less gain—a clear case of diminishing returns, a clarion call to earlier education. And even while other research disputed the importance of early learning [see interview with Jerome Kagan, Page 41], educators thought they had found keys to disparities in learning ability between rich and poor children. One key was early stimulation of children through mobiles, toys, and games that had long been part of the "hidden curriculum" of middle-class homes. Another key was language: "Get me your red shirt from under the bed" tells a child more ways of thinking about both shirt and bed than "get that," the vernacular of less-articulate parents. A third key was exploratory behavior: babies investigating steps and cupboards learn more than babies confined in playpens.

It seemed logical that if schools could intervene early enough and teachers could provide stimulation, encourage exploration, teach skills, and talk a lot, the miracle would happen—intelligence would soar. And it did—or so it seemed. By intervening in a child's education by the time he was two and a half or three, schooling could raise his IQ by 5 points, 10 points, even an incredible 30 points.

By 1965 the rush into early schooling was on with the start of federally sponsored Head Start . . . until it ran smack into its own results. A controversial study by Westinghouse in 1970 cast grave doubts on the effectiveness of Head Start for many children. One by one other programs begun with bright hopes met with the same disappointment—dramatic initial gains washed out within four or five years.

One response was to begin schooling even earlier. Infant day care was started at both the community level and in the university laboratory. Again the research results supported the efficacy of earlier learning. Burton White, director of the Harvard Preschool Project, found that the period between 10 and 18 months was critical to a child's development. His studies also indicated that accurate predictions about a child's future IQ scores can be made at two years of age, and that differences between lower- and middle-class children are evident as early as one year of age.

But to confuse research findings with solutions is a dangerous business. The finding that infant learning is related to later ability does not necessarily indicate that babies should go to school. While it is true that programs for preschoolers have worked because environment does affect intelligence, it is also true that few programs have maintained gains. Environment was not conceived broadly enough: the environment that affects children for all the years of their growth is at home, not at school. A crucial ingredient has been missing. In the words of the Cornell child development authority Urie Bronfenbrenner, "Any appreciable enduring improvement in the child's development can be effected only through an appreciable enduring change in the behavior of the persons intimately associated with the child on a day to day basis." Those persons, for most children, are parents.

Early learning in school can work, in a limited way, but school will never be home. The complexity of family relationships cannot be reproduced. The bond between mother and child is qualitatively different from the bond between care giver and baby. No one teacher, no one institution, will see a child from his infancy through all the years of his growth, in chicken pox and scary dreams, lost in a department store, cranky on Christmas morning, fighting for the television, laughing at inscrutable family jokes. The frequency with which mothers have to explain their child's behavior in school by referring to events at home points up the difference: the core of a child's life is his home; school, no matter how good, is peripheral to his growth.

But focusing on the home as the main center of learning unearthed almost as many problems and contradictions as did the discovery that early learning was important. Getting parents involved in the education of their young children is tricky business. Each kind of involvement has its own unique pitfalls.

Traditionally, parent involvement has meant parents' working with institutions—choosing teachers, developing curriculum, assisting with the children. Head Start was based on this sort of parent involvement, and more and more day care centers and pre-

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schools are not only including parents as aides and in the decision-making process but offering mothers and fathers education in child development.

More recently, parent involvement has centered on educators working in the home—training parents to be effective teachers, supplying learning materials, or showing parents how to use what they already have to better advantage. Home Start, the new federally sponsored program, and a variety of home-visitor programs are exploring this approach. Still another kind of parent involvement contains elements of both home-based and institution-based training—schools that devise follow-through activities for the parents to do at home, teachers who are also home visitors, schools that function in homes instead of classrooms, and a variety of other combinations sponsored by everyone from business concerns to neighborhood kaffee klatches.

The first kind of parent involvement, programs that are based in schools or in day care centers, are hindered by the very nature of institutions. Problems between parents and teachers are thick with tradition. Education has dictated, and parents have believed, that school is where learning happens, that teachers know best. All too often parents, leaving their children at the kindergarten door, abdicate further responsibility for their education except to nag about homework and check report cards. Teachers, unchallenged and unhelped, have defended themselves with omnipotence and armed themselves with righteous love of children. Speaking at a day care workshop called Bridging the Gap Between Parent and Staff, one magnanimous gentleman said, "If teachers have 80 per cent to give and parents only 20 per cent, that doesn't make the 20 per cent less necessary." No one remarked that 20 per cent is rather less than half.

Even when every effort is made to avoid the patronizing stance of the expert, schools have found that the very act of "educating" parents to cooperate with institutions implies criticism of parents. For instance, spanking and hitting are not used as means of discipline in early learning centers. Many poor families consider spanking not only necessary but virtuous. Complaints that the teachers ought to spank children when they misbehave are familiar in any center that serves the poor. If teachers and parents are to bridge any gaps, the rule against physical punishment must be explained. And yet to do so is to state a belief that spanking is bad for children and, by implication, that parents who spank are bad parents. Carrying the logic further, the teacher is raising the child better than his mother can. True involvement is born not of criticism but of self-interest, as many day care centers are learning. Parent education doesn't happen when a teacher tells a mother that spanking is bad for her child. It does happen when a teacher shows a mother methods of discipline that simply work better in getting him to stop whining, biting, fighting, hassling his mother. Teachers must learn from mothers where to start: what bothers *her*, what *she* wants to learn. Everybody can become more expert when everybody stops behaving as an expert.

It probably is too much to expect of human nature that the teachers and the taught will at once lower their barricades and overcome the fear of criticism and inadequacy. Within the time-honored separation of school and home, parents are just as hesitant as teachers to say, "I don't know what I'm doing." But that's only part of the trouble. The whole truth is that professionals and laymen alike are nervous, because intuition and research for once point in the same direction. As Dr. John Bowlby, British child psychologist, has put it, "Children thrive better in bad homes than in good institutions."

You just can't barge in and tell a mother that she's raising her child the wrong way and how to do it right.

Parent-involvement programs that are based in the home have fewer of the old structures to tear down. They can feel freer to follow the parents' lead. In the last few years at least 200 home-based programs to help parents help kids have been created throughout the country. And several have shown promising results.

Dr. David Weikart of the High/Scope Educational Research Foundation worked with 67 families in Ypsilanti, Michigan, with infants 3 to 27 months old. Once a week home visitors spent time in talking with mothers about their fears and hopes for their children. Most of the mothers wanted the same thing—that their children do better than they had done. The visitors talked about things that children like to do and showed mothers how to recognize stages in the development of their child. High/Scope made videotapes of six families involved in the project, which are now being developed to train paraprofessionals for home teaching.

On Long Island, New York, Dr. Phyllis Levenstein, director of the Verbal Interaction Project Mother-Child Home Program, found that "Toy Lady" home-visitor programs could increase the IQs of poverty-stricken children by 17 points. Teachers visit homes with commercial toys and books, show mothers play and language techniques, and leave the toys behind for mother and child to use. The emphasis is on helping the children become more articulate and self-confident, and—perhaps most important to mothers—show visible gains in kindergarten skills.

Dr. Ira Gordon, a pioneer of infant learning at the University of Florida, found encouraging side benefits from his Parent Educator program, a program that sends "parent educators" into homes to show mothers how to play helpful baby games. When the mothers saw that they could have a positive effect on their children's development, their self-esteem as women improved. A number of "graduate" mothers moved to better housing, found better jobs, and even went back to school.

Encouraged by these findings, the Office of Child Development launched Project Home Start in 1971. It is a three-year demonstration project that brings the comprehensive child-development services of Head Start into the home. Home Start is built on the premise that if home visitors can raise a mother's self-esteem by attending to her needs; helping her use community resources to locate better housing, legal counsel, or better health care; or even teaching her how to use the library—her dealings with her children will improve.

Each of the 16 Home Start projects receives $100,000 a year to serve about 80 families. A total of 2,500 children are involved—black and white, Eskimo, Navajo, migrant, Spanish speaking, Chinese, urban and rural. The home visitors are paraprofessionals —women who live near the families they serve. They point out materials in the home that can be used as educational toys or show mothers how to invent games that involve classifying, counting, or identifying objects. A Home Start program in Tennessee prepares a weekly guide for parents to use in conjunction with the *Captain Kangaroo* TV program. Other visitors help mothers evaluate newspaper food ads or aid them in preparing supper while showing them how to involve their young children in the kitchen—by noting color, textures, and shapes of food and kitchen equipment and counting eggs, spoons, and other items.

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They also talk with the mother about what she is doing to further her child's development—and how she can do it better.

"Mothers are awfully concerned about what it means to be a mother," says Ann O'Keefe, the director of Home Start. "Interest in parent education is surging because parents in all economic conditions, from a wide variety of locales and with different ethnic and cultural backgrounds, with children of all ages, are searching for support and guidance in the difficult task of rearing children in a world caught up in future shock. Many parents want to be a part of a program which supports their relationship with their children. Home Start acknowledges and builds on a significant strength and resource—the parent—and its simple, straightforward approach appears to have struck a responsive cord in today's America."

But despite hopeful signs, home-based programs are not everyone's first choice as the way to early learning. Evelyn Moore, director of the Black Child Development Institute in Washington, D.C., has criticized home programs: "From a black perspective, [one] major pitfall inherent in this [Project Home Start] family day care program [is] intervention in the positive, children-rearing methods that have existed in our homes over the years and are mainly responsible for the survival of blacks in a hostile society. . . ."

The issue here is cultural difference, but not as it pertains to parents' goals for their children. Studies show that most parents want the same things for their children: to do well in school, to get a good job, to live a fulfilling life. What does appear to be different are the techniques of communicating, of teaching, of disciplining, of interacting —that seem to hinder the development of skills in poor black children, while they help middle-class children succeed. The child-rearing techniques of middle-class whites—exploratory, verbal—are generally instrumental to their goals. The techniques of the low-income black families—authoritarian, less verbal, with an emphasis on rote learning rather than exploration—are often destructive of their goals.

If that's clear, and it is to many pros in the field, then all that seems necessary is to barge in and tell people what they're doing wrong and how to do it right. The trouble is that no one likes to be interfered with. Maybe home is where it's happening, but do we know how to get our foot in the door, or, once in, how to get a mother to sit still for a lecture on child rearing?

The task of the home visitor is not to identify deficiencies, but to find out what a mother really needs. What bugs

Teaching Tools for Mothers

MAGAZINES & NEWSLETTERS	For more information write:
The Black Child Advocate *Monthly free with membership*	Black Child Development Institute, Inc. 1028 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Suite 514 Washington, D.C. 20036
Mister Rogers' Letter *Monthly $2/year*	Family Communications, Inc. 4802 Fifth Avenue Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213
The Open Home *Monthly $5.95/year*	159 West 53rd Street New York, New York 10019
Parents Magazine *Monthly $3.88/year*	80 Newbridge Road Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621
Sesame Street Magazine *Monthly $3.50/year*	North Road Poughkeepsie, New York 12601
Toy Review *Quarterly $2/year*	383 Elliot Street Newton, Massachusetts 02164
RECENT BOOKS	Available at bookstores or write:
Baby Learning Through Baby Play by Ira Gordon *Paperback $3.95; Hardcover $5.95*	St. Martin's Press 175 Fifth Avenue New York, New York 10010
How To Parent by Fitzhough Dodson *Paperback $1.25*	New American Library 1301 Avenue of the Americas New York, New York 10019
I Saw a Purple Cow by Ann Cole, Carolyn Haas, Faith Bushnell, and Betty Weinberger *Paperback $2.95; Hardcover $5.95*	Little, Brown & Company 34 Beacon Street Boston, Massachusetts 02106
Learning Through Play by Jean Marzollo and Janice Lloyd *Hardcover $7.50*	Harper & Row 10 East 53rd Street New York, New York 10022
Parent Effectiveness Training by Thomas Gordon *Hardcover $6.95*	Peter Wyden, Inc. 750 Third Avenue New York, New York 10017
Steven Caney's Toy Book by Steven Caney *Paperback $3.95; Hardcover $8.95*	Workman Publishing Company 231 East 51st Street New York, New York 10022
PRESCHOOL-LEVEL BOOK CLUBS	
Beginning Readers Program *Monthly $1.95/month*	Grolier Enterprises, Inc. Sherman Turnpike Danbury, Connecticut 06816
Read Aloud Book Club *Monthly $1.98/month*	Parents Magazine 80 Newbridge Road Box 161 Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621
Weekly Reader Children's Book Club *Monthly $1.69/month*	Primary Division Xerox Education Center Columbus, Ohio 43216
PRESCHOOL-LEVEL MAIL ORDER LEARNING PROGRAMS	
Earliest Years Programs (birth to 24 months) *$5.95/month*	EDCOM Princeton, New Jersey 08540
Games to Grow on (birth to age 6) *$1.95/month*	Grolier Enterprises, Inc. Sherman Turnpike Danbury, Connecticut 06816
FOR INFORMATION ON DAY CARE RESOURCES:	
Black Child Development Institute 1028 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036	Day Care and Child Development Council of America 1401 K Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20005

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mothers? Certainly not their child's inability to master concepts of "same" and "different" or order objects by size, but most probably squabbling, teasing, noise, messiness, whining, nagging, and wildness. A good "how to" story comes from Dr. Susan Gray of Peabody College, Nashville. In Dr. Gray's home-visitor program, a mother complained to the visitor that she was constantly fighting her two-year-old over the few possessions she owned. What little she had was so dear to her that she could not let her child mess with it. As a result, the child's exploratory behavior was frustrated, and the relationship between mother and child was angry, exhausting, and ungiving. But the home visitor sympathized with the mother's need to have things of her own, and they talked about its importance to her feelings about herself. With that support it was not hard for the mother to see that her daughter also might tie her feelings about herself to what she owned—except that she, unlike her mother, didn't own anything. It was a revelation for the mother to see that both she and her daughter really felt the same way. A small cache of toys and household things was given to the child, and soon she was able to leave her mother's things alone.

The lesson: there are onerous differences between a program that says, "We're interested in helping your child," and one that says, "We're interested in helping you." Anyone who seems to take sides with a mother's child—whether "expert" neighbor, mother-in-law, or home visitor—is an unwelcome guest. But anyone who is ready to help the mother—whether it is to get more free time for herself or to get a cranky child to behave in the supermarket—is bound to be invited in and even given a cup of coffee.

To some parents, both home visitors and institution-based parent-involvement programs are unwelcome. They prefer to rear their children in privacy and in their own way. But just the fact that visitors are unwelcome doesn't mean that help is unwelcome. When a series for parents called *How Do Your Children Grow?* first appeared on public television in New York, parent response was enthusiastic. Abundant mail encouraged the program's continuance. Fred Rogers of *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* has started work on approaches to a parent-education television series. And the Nassau County, Long Island, school board has developed two pilot programs for a parent-directed, child-oriented TV series called *Room to Grow.*

The Nassau County Board of Cooperative Educational Services will also soon be distributing another do-it-yourself home curriculum called "While You're At it." In the form of 200 recipe-sized cards, it shows parents everything from how to make toys and how to keep a child occupied through a long wait at the clinic, to ways to include children on household chores. The "While You're At It" cards are based on Burton White's findings that the most effective mother is the one who has learned to respond to her child in a natural way as she goes about her daily chores. Sitting down for a prescribed hour of "educational games" puts a strain on both mother and child. But working the child's education into the mother's life "while she's at it" is an easy and fun way to make learning an all-the-time event.

Involving parents in the use of standard educational toys and school materials is also becoming more popular. Recently McGraw-Hill distributed bumper stickers and helium balloons as part of a huge campaign to get parents involved in home activities using their children's own kindergarten materials. Grolier Enterprises started a toy-of-the-month program that includes parent-education materials that are not specifically related to the toys themselves.

Intuition and research are for once pointing in the same direction: "Children thrive better in bad homes than in good institutions."

As more experience is gained in working with parents, the possible combinations of home- and school-based activities multiply. The Living Room School, a school-in-the-home day care program in Nassau County, Long Island, not only uses home visitors but is also the source of "While You're At It" cards and the *Room to Grow* television pilots. The Appalachia Educational Laboratory developed a five-day-a-week children's television show in conjunction with home visitors, toys, parent publications, and mobile preschools. The cover of their brochure reads: "You might say we've developed a preschool education program for parents."

Parent-education activities are proliferating, because parents are recognizing—and admitting—that they need help in the all-important task of child rearing. The Mosteller-Moynihan reassessment of the 1965 Coleman report on race and education confirmed Coleman's findings that family background is much more important in determining a child's educational achievement than is the quality of his schooling. This, along with other studies, puts a tremendous burden on parents, and particularly on mothers, to succeed where the schools apparently cannot.

It seems that a woman's responsibility as a mother is becoming increasingly confused. She is no longer accorded the status of a professional homemaker—holder of secret recipes, master of the fine seam. Her role as a mother has been denigrated as well, as though it were some lower-order occupation, mechanical and boring. And yet if she tries to raise her status by shipping her child off to nursery school and taking a job, the message of her crucial role as mother has filtered down to her just enough to cause painful guilt. By gaining more time for the very pursuits that might raise her self-esteem, it's as if she were committing the sin of child abandonment. Perhaps the most important function that a serious study of parenthood can serve is to raise child care above the level of nose wiping and squabble stopping. And if parent education starts by lending a sympathetic ear to a mother's petty gripes and big troubles, guilt will give way to the sure knowledge that a woman who feels good about herself will become a better mother.

The first baby a woman holds is likely to be her own. Inexperienced, untrained, scared, most parents are ready now to drop the romantic notion of "maternal instincts." They don't know what to do; they want to learn. And with the new movement toward parent involvement in all its kaleidoscopic forms, the means are becoming available.

Politicians are realizing that the more parents learn about the promise of early learning, the more they demand help from the government in providing universal comprehensive child care—whether it be more and better centers or in more enlightened and involved homes. As parenthood education and involvement in a child's early learning reaches American homes, more mothers will know more about children than they ever have before. As the variety of alternatives grows—home learning, family day care, child care facilities in offices and factories, home visitors, infant day care centers—more mothers will have more choices than ever before. Once she knows what she is doing, a mother will be able to turn from full-time child care to some alternative of her own choosing without relinquishing the crucial role she plays in her child's life. □

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Do the first two years matter?

A Conversation with Jerome Kagan

The theory that intelligence can be predicted during the first year or two of life — and that early learning deficiencies may be irreversible — has become increasingly popular among educators. Freud, Piaget, the learning theorists, the animal psychologists — all offered seemingly incontrovertible evidence in support of this theory. Jerome Kagan, Harvard University's highly respected human developmentalist, believed it too — until he discovered a tiny village in Guatemala where the children broke all the "rules" of development. Kagan stopped by recently to discuss his findings with the editors of *SR of Education* and to be photographed with some members of his favorite age group.

SR: *What happened in Guatemala to make you reverse your thinking?*

Kagan: I found myself in a thirteenth-century, pre-Columbian village, located on the shores of Lake Atitlan. I saw 850 Indians, poor, exploited, alienated, bitter, sick. I saw infants in the first years of their lives completely isolated in their homes, because parents believe that sun and dust and air or the gazes of either pregnant women or men fresh with perspiration from the field will cause illness. It's the evil-eye belief. So the infants are kept in the hut. Now these are bamboo huts, and there are no windows, so the light level in this hut at high noon in a perfectly azure sky is what it should be at dusk. Very dark. Although parents love their children—mothers nurse on demand and hold their infants close to their bodies—they don't talk or interact with them. And there are no toys. So at one and one-half years of age, you have a very retarded child.

SR: *What are the children like?*

Kagan: Not only are they quiet, somber, motorically passive, and extremely fearful, but on tests of maturational and intellectual development, they are four or five months behind American children.

SR: *What kinds of tests do you use?*

Kagan: Here's an example of a maturational test. Take a child nine months of age, cover an object with a cloth, and then, through sleight of hand, remove the object. We know from Piaget's work that if he pulls off the cloth and the object's not there, he shows surprise, indicating that he knows the object should be there. That ability should occur somewhere in the last third of the first year. None of the Guatemalan babies showed this until 18 months of age. We also know that babies in the Western world become frightened of strangers at about eight months. It's called "stranger anxiety." You won't get that [in Guatemala] until the middle of the second year. In the Western world children begin to talk between 12 and 18 months. The Guatemalan kids don't talk until about two and a half to three years. If I had seen infants like the Guatemalans in America prior to my experience, I would have gotten very upset, called the police, had the children removed, and begun to make gloomy statements about the fact that it was all over for these children.

SR: *But they do recover.*

Kagan: That's the paradox. The 11-year-olds in this Guatemalan village are beautiful. They're gay, alert, active, affective, just like 11-year-olds in the United States. They're *more* impressive than Americans in a set of "culture-fair" tests—where the words and the materials are familiar. For example, we asked them, "What is brown, hard, and found near the shore of the lake?" And

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they'd say, "a wharf." They have no problem with this. In reasoning, memory, inference, deduction, and perception, these children at 11—who, we must assume, were "ghosts" as infants—had recovered. Therefore, one must conclude that the first two years of life do not inexorably doom you to retardation and that there's much more potential for recovery than Western psychologists have surmised, including me. I didn't go to Guatemala to prove this; I found it a complete surprise.

SR: *Don't the experiments that Harry Harlow [a psychologist at the University of Wisconsin] conducted with monkeys contradict that conclusion?*

Kagan: They did until last year, when Harlow published a very important report. He took monkeys and put them in isolation for six months, and they emerged with the expected bizarre, abnormal, crazy behavior. But this time he placed them with normal infant female monkeys three months younger than themselves for 26 weeks (seven months). He reports that after seven months they could not be distinguished from normal monkeys. If we can do this in seven months with a creature less complex than we, then certainly it does not require an enormous stretch of imagination to believe that in nine years a human infant, treated less bizarrely, can recover.

SR: *Any human studies to support your findings?*

Kagan: Freda Rebelsky spent several years in eastern Holland, where there is a middle-class, stable, nuclear family arrangement. In this small part of this very small country, it's local custom to isolate a child for the first ten months. He's put in a room outside the house; he's tightly bound—no mobiles, no toys, and minimal interaction. Like our Guatemalan children. He emerges at one year absolutely retarded, but at five years of age he's fully recovered.

SR: *But what about René Spitz's [a professor of psychiatry at the University of Colorado] observations?*

Kagan: Spitz made his observations on South American children in an orphanage. He saw ghostlike (what he called "marasmic") children much like the ones I saw. They lacked both stimulation and affection, so he made the same mistake many analysts have made and concluded their retardation was due to lack of affection. It's not affection, because my infants in San Marcos are on their mother's bodies three-quarters of the day, and they get lots of physical holding, lots of skin contact. So it's not the love, but the input, that's important.

SR: *If you kept the infant or the monkey deprived for a longer period of time, would there be permanent effects?*

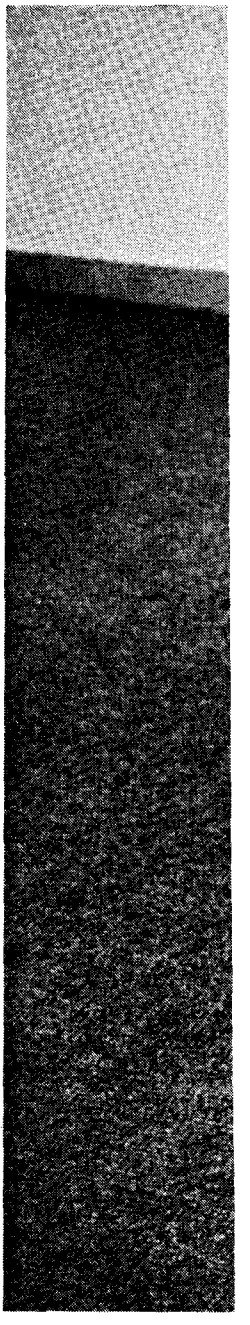
Kagan: We don't know. I am not saying that there is no treatment you can give a child from which he cannot recover. That is obviously too strong. We do have extreme case-history reports: for instance, a mother locked her kid up in a closet for six years. He emerged mute but still managed to learn language later. But I'm trying to be a reasonably cautious person. What I can say with confidence—and had I not had this experience, I would have resisted it—is that an abnormal experience in the first two years of life in no way affects basic intellectual functions or the ability to be affectively normal—to experience gaiety and sadness, guilt and shame.

SR: *What implications do you see for American schools?*

Kagan: I think my work suggests we've got to stop the very early, and, I think, premature rank-ordering of children in grades one, two, and three. We decide too soon. Poor children enter the school system (a) with less motivation, because they see less value in intellectual activity, and (b) one or two years behind in the emergence of what I call executive-cognitive functions (what Piaget would call concrete operational thinking). They are going to get there, but they are a year or two behind. We arbitrarily decide that age seven is when the race starts, so you have a larger proportion of poor than of privileged children who are not yet ready for school instruction. And then we classify them, prematurely. Let's use the example of puberty. Suppose we decided that fertility was important in our society and that fertility should occur at age 13. Then if you're not fertile at 13, we conclude that you are never going to be fertile, and we give you a different kind of life. It's illogical, because that 13-year-old who is not fertile now will be next year.

SR: *In other words, learning does not follow the same pattern in every child.*

Kagan: Yes. We used to think that all learning was continuous—like a "freight train." There is a series of closely connected cars: you start at car one and do certain things; then you jump to car two, and you carry your baggage with you. But now let me substitute an analogy that makes more sense: development as a series of lily pads. I choose that because lily pads are farther apart, because each child dumps a lot of baggage in traversing the lily pads (he doesn't have to carry everything with him), and because he can skip some of the lily pads. American psychologists have surmised that you could never walk unless you crawled. Now we know that is false. I could prevent a child from crawling—bind him up until he was two and then unbind him—and we know he would walk. He wouldn't have to crawl. Now maybe that analogy holds for a lot more in mental development than we have surmised.



Would we ever say that a ten-year-old who can't play hockey is retarded? Well, when it comes to intellectual skills, that's what we do. We say if this child can't multiply, he's retarded."

SR: *How has the public reacted to your rather optimistic conclusions?*

Kagan: What I say is often misunderstood. When I say kids can catch up, people say that can't be right, because they know that a poor child always remains retarded relative to a middle-class child in the school system. But these people—most Americans—are confusing relative and absolute standards. Absolute retardation refers to a lack of certain fundamental motor, affective, and intellectual skills that are basic to our species. They include crawling, walking, standing, speaking, inference, and reasoning. Now if a child isn't walking by three, he is absolutely retarded. If a child cannot remember four numbers when he is ten years old, he is absolutely retarded.

SR: *Then what is "relative retardation"?*

Kagan: If kids don't have certain culturally arbitrary skills—like being able

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to read—they are retarded relative to some other reference group. When we say a Mexican-American child from a ghetto is retarded, we mean relative to that arbitrary reference which is the middle-class child. The analogy of physical development should make that distinction clearer. There are natural skills like walking or running which you get better at each year; if a child of ten cannot run as fast as a three-year-old, we worry about it. So it makes sense to say that this ten-year-old is physically retarded. But would we ever say that a ten-year-old who can't play hockey is retarded? Well, when it comes to intellectual skills, that's exactly what we do; we say if this child can't multiply, he is retarded. But multiplication is like hockey; no child's going to know how to multiply unless you teach him how to multiply. See the mistake we make? In the physical area we never confuse relative with absolute retardation. But in the mental area we do.

SR: *Given the vast implications of your study, where do you plan to go from here?*

Kagan: I want to see schools begin to serve the needs of society. Ancient Sparta needed warriors, Athens needed a sense of the hero, the ancient Hebrews needed knowledge of the Testament, nineteenth-century Americans needed managers and technicians—and the schools responded beautifully in each case by providing the kind of people the society needed. What do we need now? I believe that we need to restore faith, honesty, humanity. And I am suggesting in deep seriousness that we must, in the school, begin to reward these traits as the Spartans rewarded physical fitness. I want children rank-ordered on the basis of humanism as we rank-order on the basis of reading and mathematics. I'm dead serious. When I was a kid, deportment was always a grade. In a funny way, I want that, but instead of deportment, I want him graded on humanism: How kind is he? How nurturant is he?

SR: *But aren't we getting back then to the same problem of sorting?*

Kagan: Every society must sort its children according to the traits it values. We will never get away from that. A society needs a set of people whom it can trust in and give responsibility to for the management of its capital and resources, for the health of its people, the legal prerogatives of its people, the wars of its people. The function of the school system is in fact to prepare this class. □

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Nathan Lyons: too many people are caught up in the object

The word *art* is seldom mentioned at the Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, New York. There's plenty of talk, however, about "perception" and "process." The director of the talk, as of the workshop, is Nathan Lyons, who founded it all in a dingy Rochester factory loft four years ago. Today a group of seven faculty members and 80 students are working in an environment they hope may eventually serve as a "model of possibilities" for society at large. Their "community" is concerned with the relevance of the visual in our lives and the ways in which visual insights can be used.

"Education is a process, not a product," Lyons observes. "Photography is not an art; it is a model of perception." These ideas combine into a clear-cut educational attitude: "We are trying to make students less object-oriented and more aware of how their work relates to their personal perceptual history. We try to get the student to understand that there has to be something more to photography than just a beautiful print."

To Lyons, a photographer and former Eastman House curator, the workshop is itself like a photograph. In making images, he explains, he tries to reflect "insights into new beginnings and how connected they are to the past, not just to accept preconceived notions but to confront one's own responses to things and to discover those responses through the work."

Its extraordinarily ambitious scope makes the workshop an unusual venture. (The closest thing to it may be Gyorgy Kepes's Center for Advanced Visual Studies at MIT.) The workshop has abandoned the usual fine-arts orientation; it dips freely into sociology, psychology, and, indeed, any and all academic disciplines as they relate to "the visual." In addition, the workshop offers almost complete freedom to students; they generate their own curricula according to their own particular interests.

Those interests at this time tend toward research on the nature of communications and visual perception, and the workshop is in many ways reminiscent more of a scientific laboratory than a photography school. No one seems to expect to learn commercial photographic skills there—courses in portrait lighting and studio techniques are left to the neighboring Rochester Institute of Technology. Replacing the usual techniques courses are, for example, special workshops on unconventional photographic processes such as xerography, blue printing, gum printing, and experimental book production. In fact, studying antique processes such as gum printing is of more than academic interest, since the supply of silver (which is used in present-day photographic emulsions) threatens to run out in a decade or so.

Unlike conventional classroom arrangements, these workshops function as a corporate learning experience, with each member of the group acting as a resource. Students work on individual but complementary projects—for example, variations on multiple imagery. The competitive spirit endemic to traditional education is replaced in a workshop setting by a more constructive spirit of exchange.

Students do "workstudy" one day a week. This can be anything from assisting in the darkroom or preparing exhibits for shipment to sweeping floors. From the economic viewpoint alone, workstudy alleviates the need to spend precious budgetary funds on a "support and maintenance staff." More important, it helps develop a sense of commitment to the workshop as a totality. Many students come to feel their academic needs as image makers are directly related to the functional needs of the workshop.

Briefly, there are five programs now being offered at the workshop. The main one is an intensive two-and-a-half-year Master of Fine Arts program in photographic studies, held in conjunction with the State University of New York at Buffalo and involving 70 students. A degree candidate can major in photography or in museum studies or exhibition design. A six-month internship in the student's chosen field is a requirement for the degree. To date, students have interned in universities and museums, at private archives, and for civic agencies.

In addition, there are about 25 "workshop students," following a similar two-year program that does not lead to a degree. Nonresidents of Rochester can attend a summer workshop program. Finally, an adult education program and Saturday children's classes extend the age levels of the workshop considerably, helping to create a social microcosm appropriate to the exploration of social and educational alternatives. A total of about 200 people are involved in these ventures.

Lyons wants the workshop to become a "perpetual resource" to students. Even now members who leave Rochester to become involved with other groups often return to the workshop on a regular basis. One former student is now curator of photography at

Barbara Confino teaches at John Abbott College in Quebec and writes frequently about the arts.

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"Photography is not an art: it is a model of perception"

The Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, New York. In an old factory building, this learning community explores both the "high art" and the "vernacular" forms of image making.

BY BARBARA CONFINO

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the National Gallery in Canada; another prepares exhibits for the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas; another is assistant curator of photography at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

The city of Rochester has also been tapped as a resource. Rather than ignoring the questions posed by such an urban environment, the workshop has taken on several projects designed to investigate them. In one program workshop members set up community bulletin board galleries in vacant lots throughout the city. Using photography to articulate their own perceptions of their community, 15 high school students displayed more than 200 photographs a week. People in the community began to anticipate the daily changes on the boards. Once, when the workshop group failed to show up, other kids from the neighborhood hung up pictures from their own homes. This project, and others like it, highlight the potential of visual media for intensifying awareness of one's environment and for increasing a community's sense of itself.

A pilot project at a state mental institution—also developed by workshop students—is currently exploring ways of using visual materials for stimuli in the treatment of schizophrenia. The group uses film, video, and Polaroid cameras (usually self-supplied, since there are no funds allocated) to stimulate near-catatonic patients to respond to the world outside.

Similarly, the Children's Workshop, now in its third year, was started by students interested in expanding visual awareness in children. Classes deal with two age groups—6 to 9 and 9 to 15. The students set about inventing a series of "games" dealing with spatial relationships, image recognition and recall, visual symbolization, body imagery, and self-perception.

In three years the workshop has expanded from its original loft to occupy the entire building on Elton Street. Practically all the construction work has been done by students. Facilities include darkrooms, film-editing and projection rooms, graphics and printmaking shops, two gallery spaces, a Research Center housing 6,000 volumes and 100,000 pictures, and a large meeting hall.

The Workshop's Research Center preserves such items as comic books, bubble gum cards, family snapshots, and other mundane materials, alongside portfolio prints by established photographers. Lyons emphasizes an evolutionary concept of visual form. Image sequencing, page layout, the role of typography, and word/image relationships on the page, he believes, can be more fully understood when studied in a historical and cultural context. Consequently, a rich cross section of "vernacular" as well as "high art" forms of image making is being accumulated.

Lyons has been teaching for more than 15 years, starting with evening poetry workshops in his university days. Returning to college after an absence of five years, he began to realize that he needed to go "beyond the bounds of what was required in order to engage with my own interests.

"I came out of a period that was highly competitive. Students competed against one another, not in terms of themselves, but in terms of goals that were established for them. The evaluation of a student was usually based on the nature of the product that he could bring forward. For many potentially exceptional students, this process is destructive. The ones who have the ability to speculate and imagine and relate things—to bring them together and leave a trace of that understanding—those students short out incredibly."

During the 13 years Lyons spent at Eastman House as associate curator in charge of the Exhibition and Education program, the books he edited (such as *Vision and Expression* and *Toward a Social Landscape*) and the exhibits he organized became noted for their daring and originality. While at Eastman House, he continued to hold a series of private photography workshops, which helped him develop many of his present ideas on both the photographic and the educational process.

Characterizing himself as a "benevolent dictator seeking an early retirement," Lyons sees his commitment to the workshop as long-term but changing. He says that he would like to see the workshop "transcend the need" for the direction he himself has brought to it. For, although Lyons has brought in people of the caliber of photographer Robert Frank and experimental filmmaker Stan VanderBeek to lead special workshops, the weakest aspect of the center remains its lack of someone to counterbalance Lyons's pervasive influence. Someone capable of offering a different, perhaps contrasting, but equally complex approach to visual experience would add a great dimension to the workshop's intellectual scope. Certainly Lyons's own attitude toward education encourages that kind of diversity, and he maintains with conviction that "one of the greatest problems in our society is inflexibility at a time when we need flexibility. Education should be a neutral ground where all kinds of things are possible." □

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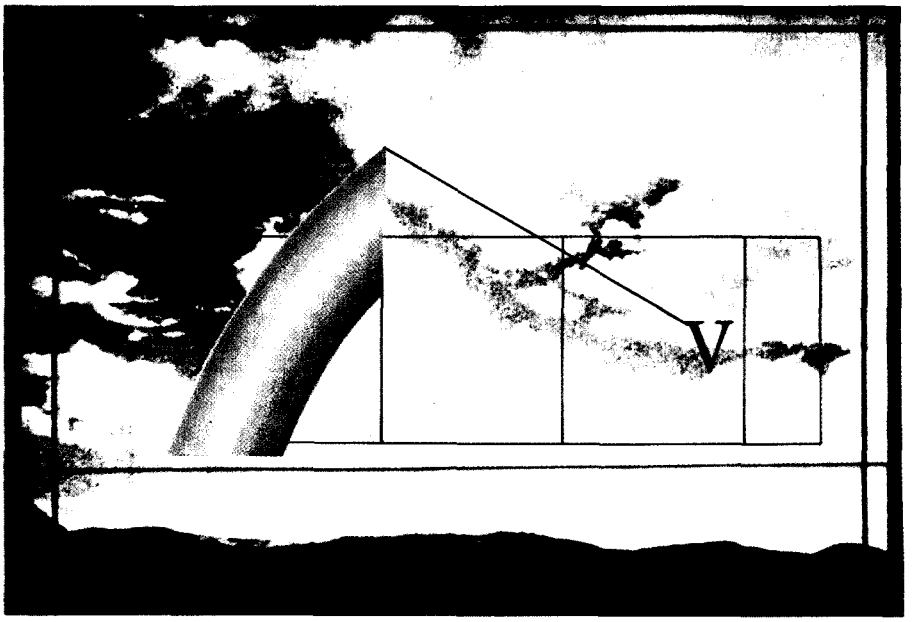

For Nathan Lyons, the camera is to visual experience what the pencil is to writing, "a tool that can be dealt with and directed, from research to expression to all kinds of questioning." Examples of Workshop works: preceding, still life by Carl Sesto; sequence above, B. Wilson; left Patty Ambrogi, and above, Brent Sikkema.

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EARLY CHILDHOOD

Three-Wheeled Menace?

Tricycles (involved in more than 100,000 accidents each year) may be unsafe at any speed, according to the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. As a result, HEW is starting to think that the federal government may need to draft safety standards for the trikes just as it has done for cars.

To determine exactly what makes trikes unsafe, HEW recently hired Calspan Corporation, a research and development firm in Buffalo, New York, to study six major brands. According to the Calspan report, many accidents occur because trikes tend to roll over and pitch backward, the seats are too high in relation to the rear axle, steering angles are too great, they go too fast, and many have an unnecessary rear step (for a playmate to jump onto). □

Sex in the Preschools

While schools and colleges have been squirming under the disapproving gaze of the women's movement for some time now, child care centers have been virtually ignored. The Women's Action Alliance, Inc.—a New York–based, nonprofit, technical-assistance organization—noted recently that none of the major child care organizations in the country has seriously addressed itself to the problem of sex-role conditioning.

Last year Alliance project directors Carol Shapiro and Catherine Samuels set out to develop programs and materials devoid of sex stereotypes. "It's very important to start at the very beginning, at zero," Ms. Shapiro said. "By the time a child reaches elementary school, sex stereotypes have already been learned."

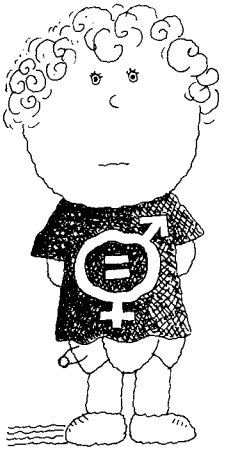
The Alliance—whose board members include Gloria Steinem, Bella Abzug, and Shirley Chisholm—hired Barbara Sprung, a veteran early childhood teacher, to head the project. The women then worked with consultants in child development, psychology, curriculum, and administration to design a program that would "open all options to all children and help them understand they don't have to be bound by conventions of race, class, or sex."

"Sex-stereotyped materials not only fail to reflect the ideal society," says Ms. Sprung; "they also usually contradict a child's own reality." The 8.6 million pre-primary-age children with working mothers (the main clientele of child care centers) can only be confused by books that portray mothers as perpetually in the kitchen. Kids wonder, "Where's my mommy in this book?"

This month the Alliance will pilot its nonsexist program in four demonstration centers in the New York area. Ms. Sprung will hold four training sessions for teachers and two meetings with parents primarily to "raise consciousnesses" and to urge the hiring of male teachers.

Each center will be stocked with nonsexist games redesigned by Ms. Sprung. The puzzles, lotto games, flannel boards, and block accessories show both males and females in "leadership" positions and in "nurturing" roles. Parents and teachers will also receive bibliographies of nonsexist reading matter—such as the classic story "William's Doll," about a boy who wants a doll of his own.

The Alliance's nonsexist curriculum guide and teacher-training film are scheduled to be ready for distribution this summer. And two manufacturers have agreed to produce lines of nonsexist materials designed by Ms. Sprung. For further information contact Women's Action Alliance, Inc., 370 Lexington Ave., Room 313, New York, New York 10017. □



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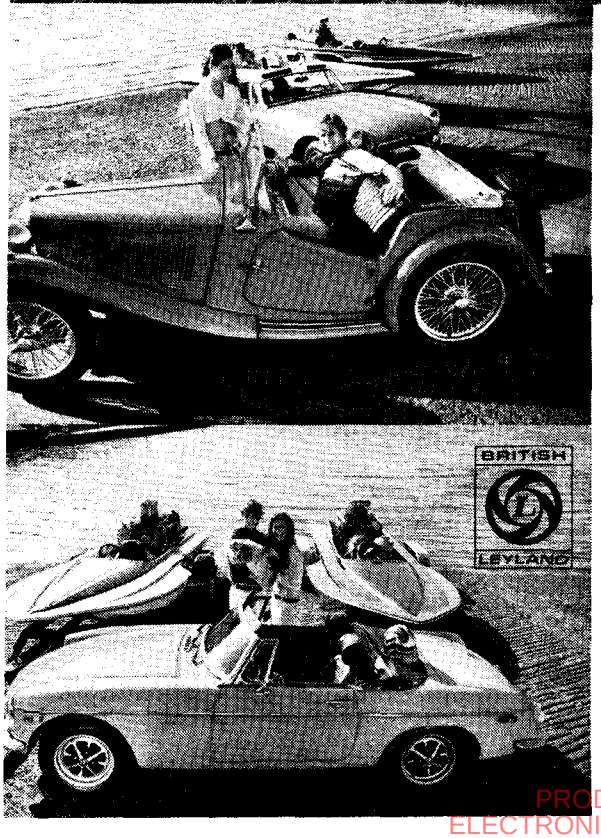

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Mountain Mothers

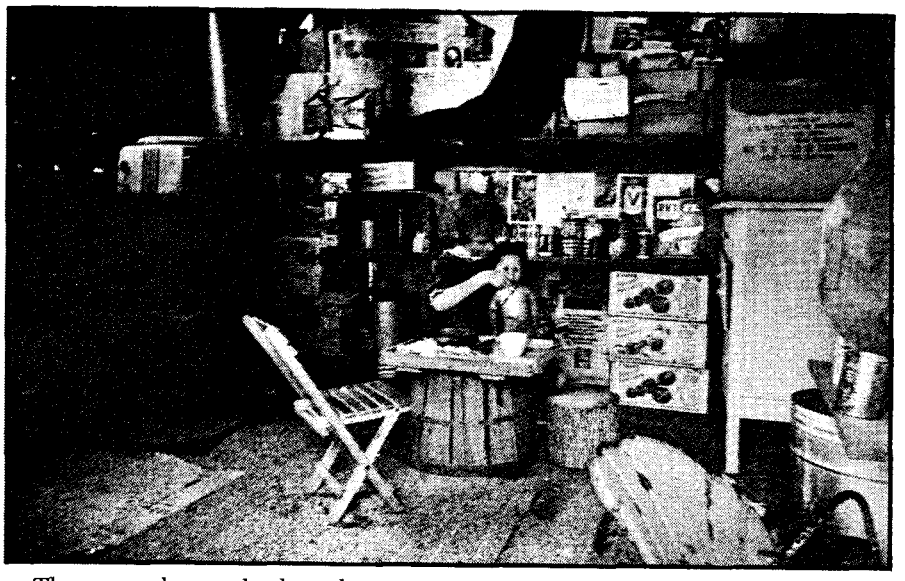
Some people would say that Paula Roark is not a teacher, let alone a social worker or a nurse. Middle-aged and widowed now, she once went to college but didn't stay long. She used to work in a doctor's office, but she has no professional credentials of any kind. Yet there she was, sitting in a squat, square, cinder-block house by a dirt road in rural Macon County, Tennessee, pointing to a picture in a book and saying to the baby on her lap, "That's a cow, Lisa. Say 'cow.'"

Under the approving eyes of the child's mother and grandmother, Mrs. Roark spent an hour playing with her, talking to her, cuddling her, holding her interest with a succession of books, toys, and puzzles, all the while exchanging information with the two women. She asked about the baby's diarrhea and then about her diaper rash—and whether the salve she left last time was clearing it up. She said she had heard about a job that might bring the young mother's husband more money than he was making and suggested that he look into it, using her name as a reference. She asked if Lisa had been interested in the toys and if the two women had been reading to her. "Yes," said the mother proudly, "and she's been saying words, too. She says, 'Book! Book!'—she loves that book—and she says 'Mama' and 'Dada'!" When Paula Roark left the house a while later, 11-month-old Lisa was crying for her to come back.

In a region where doctors, nurses, social workers, and good teachers—particularly preschool teachers—are scarce and scattered, Mrs. Roark is a surrogate professional worker. She belongs to a child development team organized and trained by the Tennessee Department of Public Health and by DARCEE—the Demonstration and Research Center for Early Education at Nashville's George Peabody College for Teachers. The program started in three Tennessee counties last year.

Each child development team is made up of a nurse, a caseworker, a home visitor, and a secretary. They are recruited in the target counties whenever possible and brought to Nashville for about a month of intensive preparation.

All team members receive the same instruction. First, the health department staff provides the fundamentals of infant care: immunization, nutrition, hygiene, disease prevention. Then DARCEE takes over and, with a staff of psychologists, social workers, home visitors, materials specialists, and others, provides a basic grounding in the educational and social aspects of infant growth and development.



The teams then go back to the counties. Working out of the local health department, they get the names of all newborn infants, make initial contact with their mothers, and offer their services free of charge to all who want them. Even though many mothers either don't want the service, don't need it, or require only infrequent visits, there is more demand than the teams can satisfy.

The caseworkers and the home visitors improvise—each one doing, in effect, the combined job of nurse, social worker, and teacher, with continuing support from county and state health officials. "We still go to Nashville," says Mary Lou Durham, one of the case workers in Macon County, "and Nashville comes to us. Somebody from the health department or DARCEE is in here every week. Our training will go on as long as the project does."

With all that support and with the experience they are gaining daily, the team members are becoming proficient generalists in the area of child care and development. But are they professionals? Perhaps the word needs redefining. Ms. Durham, who has a B.A. in English, was asked, "Are you a social worker?" She hesitated a moment and then flashed a quick smile. "I am now," she said. □

Porcupine Casserole

As a learning motivation, hunger is as old as man. Now it has been harnessed for preschool children and their teachers by Stanford freshman Karen Croft in *The Good for Me Cookbook*. This small, child-illustrated publication contains dozens of easy-to-concoct, multi-ethnic, organic recipes. Working together, kids and adults can create dishes "lab-tested" by Ms. Croft in a nursery school—such exotic foreign items as sushi or spaetzle, such staples as homemade mayonnaise and butter, or such provocative originals as "porcupine casserole" (a mix of beef, rice, and vegetables). Knowing what motivates kids most, Ms. Croft has even included a recipe for "healthy candy": just knead together soy flour, peanut butter, carob powder, rice polish, wheat germ, oil, nuts, raisins, and honey . . . and chill. Sprinkled throughout the cookbook are notes on how to develop the sense of touch as well as taste. For example: "Encourage children to mix the ingredients in the following meat loaf with their hands, so that they can compare the feeling of raw meat (cold and greasy) with the gelatinous quality of the eggs and the firmness of the water chestnuts." To obtain a copy, send $2.25 to Karen B. Croft, 741 Maplewood Place, Palo Alto, California 94303. □

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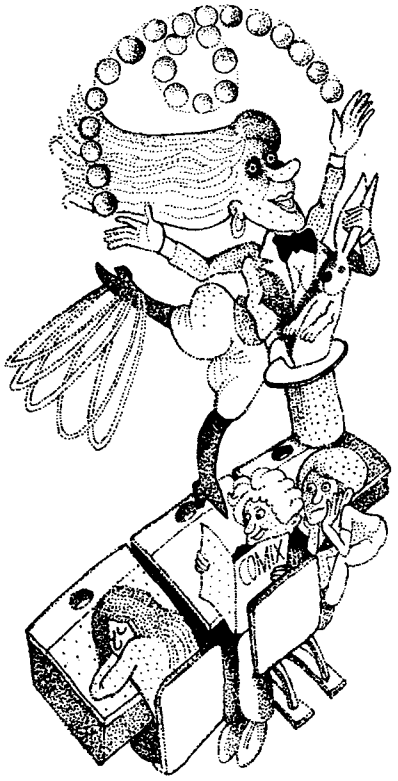
SCHOOLS

Survival Guide for Substitutes

A substitute teacher is the spare tire in most classrooms—called in to patch things up in an emergency, put away as soon as the regular teacher returns. The "sub" gets shifted from class to class, from school to school. Most subs don't even know how to find the faculty lounge, much less how to cope with a class full of completely unfamiliar students. The seating chart left by the regular teacher is probably outdated. The sub can do little more than try to keep all hell from breaking loose. Crayons and colored paper can do the trick in elementary school classes, but more ingenious techniques are needed when itchy, active (and easily bored) teen-agers are involved. Here are some creative teaching techniques for substitute teachers that have been tried and tested by a former sub now with *SR of Education*.

Math Class: What number times itself equals seven? (Only for those who've never heard of square roots.) Announce that the first student with the exact answer can do whatever he wants for the rest of the period. This is a great self-discovery experience in multiplication, decimals, and fractions. Try it yourself, using the trial-and-error-method of long division.

Or: Let each letter of the alphabet have a point value (A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, Z is 26). Make a word that totals exactly 20 points, a word that totals 40 points, a sentence totaling 200 points. The students learn not only how to put numbers together to match a predetermined sum but also how words are made up of individual letters.



Social Studies Class: Have students pick a letter of the alphabet and, in groups of two or three, write down as many historically, politically, or socially prominent people they can think of whose last names begin with that letter. Ten points for every exclusive name, five points if another group has the same name.

Or: Read the following quote and have them list (individually or in groups) ten public figures who might be responsible for it.

"I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races [applause]—that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of Negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people, and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the black and white races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality."

The words were said by Abraham Lincoln in 1858 during his famous debate with Stephen A. Douglas. This disclosure should easily lend the rest of the period to a revealing discussion of a frequently overlooked side of Lincoln, the real causes of the Civil War, Reconstruction, and the issue of slavery in America.

English Class: Have the students write 100 words describing, without using any *verbs*, a place they'd most like to be. (Suddenly they———how important action and linking words ———). Then have them break down this "paragraph" into approximately 20 lines with either four, five, or six words per line. Instant poetry!

Any Class: Pass the time with riddles. Riddles are invaluable for developing multilevel insights, horizontal thinking, and insanity; they force a person of any age into another plane of thinking.

Three examples:

1. A man fixes identical drinks for himself and his wife. He drinks his quickly; she drinks hers slowly. He lives. She dies. Why?

Answer: By asking yes-or-no questions, the students must figure out the difference in the drinking actions of the husband and the wife that resulted in her death. They might first establish, for example, that the wife was not allergic to alcohol, that the glasses were the same, that the contents of the glasses were the same, and that no outside factors were involved. This leaves the one changeable factor in the situation: the ice. The wife died because there was poison in the ice. By drinking slowly, she allowed the ice to melt and she drank the poison along with her drink.

2. A father and his son are driving along the highway. The car hits a tree. The father is killed instantly; the son is injured and rushed to a hospital. As the boy lies on the operating table, the surgeon looks at the child and says, "I cannot operate on this boy; this is my son." How could it be?

Whose Board?

Are school boards really "representative"? Not very, says Girard D. Hottleman, director of educational services for *The Massachusetts Teacher*. In a recent nationwide survey Hottleman claims to have confirmed the growing number of reports that school boards do not represent the public.

"American schools whose constituencies are primarily the poor," says Hottleman, "are governed primarily by upper-middle-class, propertied, moneyed, white, middle-aged Republican men. . . . If we assume that school board members pursue the ordinary amount of self-interest behavior, then the actions of typical school board members are not apt to be harmonious with the needs of public school children." Some findings:

- 51.2 per cent of the general population are women; 20 per cent of school board members are women.
- 37 per cent of registered voters in the communities surveyed are Republican; 63 per cent of school board members are Republican.
- The average income in communities surveyed is $11,694; the income of board members is $22,682. □

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Answer: The surgeon is the boy's mother. This is a great example for breaking down sex stereotypes.

3. A married couple leave John and Mary at home. They return after an evening at the theater and find John sitting and smiling on the couch and Mary dead on the floor. One clue: Mary is lying near a pool of water.

Answer: John is a cat, and Mary is a goldfish.

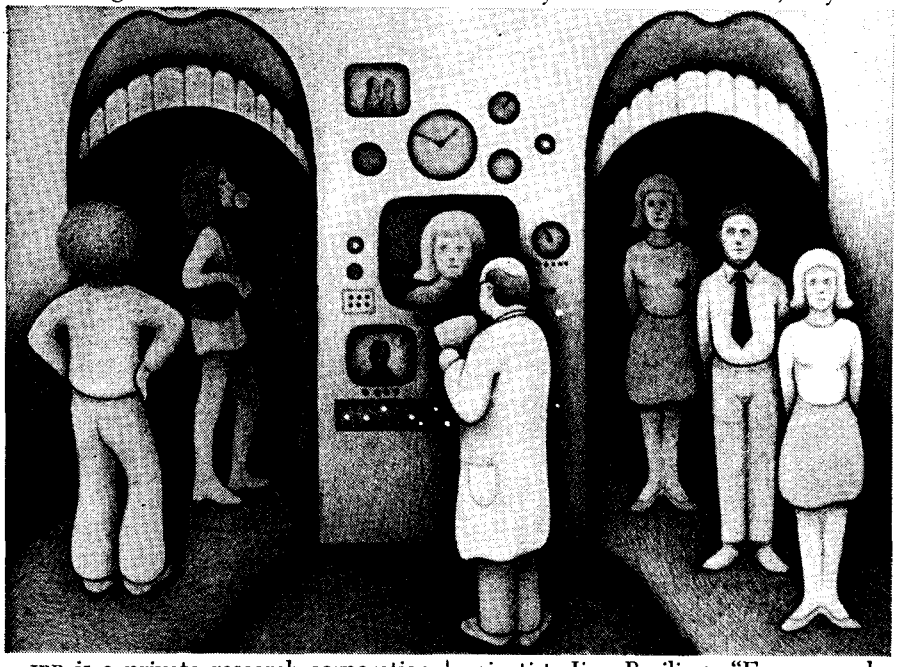
There are always times, however, when nothing seems to work. If everything fails, you can always dismiss the class, tell the principal that the kids staged a children's rights walkout, go home—and think of some better riddles.

MICHAEL C. LESTER

Programmed Learning

Teachers watch students over television monitors and issue orders over loudspeakers. They record students' every move; students must punch a time clock to go to the bathroom. 1984? No, just an experiment in behavior modification at Montgomery Hills Junior High, a suburban school in Silver Springs, Maryland.

The experiment relies heavily on "activity records" that students carry around like shadows. Every day, in each class, the teacher not only evaluates "Today's Academic Performance" but also the hour-by-hour behavioral performance of the student. A student who is "Inattentive to Class Activities" will lose points. A student who has "Appropriate Dealings With Teachers" will win points. The sum of these points equals the student's "Social Rating." The Institute for Behavioral Research, which runs the behavioral modification experiment, frowns severely upon Social Ratings below minus two.



IBR is a private research corporation (Harvard behavioralist B. F. Skinner is on the board) that is trying to prove that people can be programmed to perform in a desirable manner by means of appropriate rewards and punishments. The 80 students in the Montgomery Hills experiment are "underachieving"—and a few get sent to the principal's office a bit too often.

In the Academic Skills Center students work individually at "study stations," plowing through self-paced math and English texts. Students punch out on the time clock to spend some of their hard-earned reinforcement points. That's where the IBR behavioral modification techniques really come in. Just as the rhesus monkeys in university laboratories earn bananas when they perform the right tasks, so the students in Montgomery Hills earn points when they score more than 90 per cent on their tests.

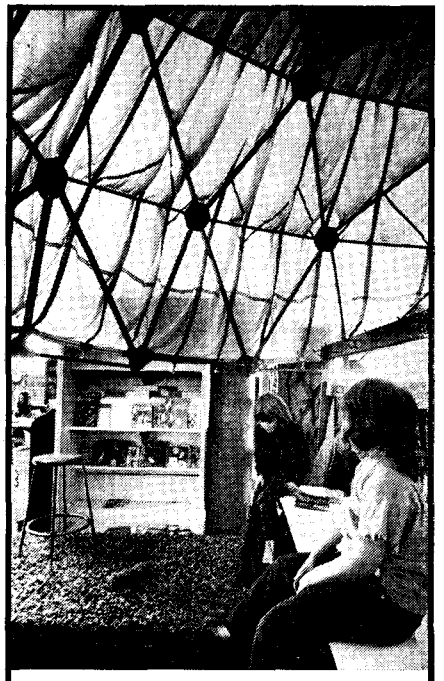
The points open up a small world of good times for diligent students. "The average student can earn 100, maybe 150 points a day," says project director Jim Filipczak. "They use their points to buy certain rewards. The most valued reward is time away from class, in the RA, or Reinforcement Area"—a blocked-off hallway.

Unacceptable social behavior can bring heavy fines. "That's really mostly for very serious misbehavior," says IBR scientist Jim Breiling. "For example, complete balking at work. Or swearing." Touching staplers in the classroom without permission also loses points. But students usually get a bonus when they resume "more typical social behavior."

Breiling and Filipczak are not unaware of the fears many people have about behavior modification. Critics say that teaching children to "adjust to totalitarian situations" is not education and may in fact be the first step in teaching citizens how to adjust to totalitarian governments. But Filipczak shrugs his shoulders. Such aversions, he says, are merely ignorance. Most people, he says, are constantly being behaviorally modified anyway, as when friends smile or frown at particular behavior or when the boss gives his employee a bonus for good work; IBR simply wants to make a scientific system out of it.

At Montgomery Hills, TV monitors in the IBR "control room" watch everything that happens in the Reinforcement Area. Students who have points left over from buying free time to get to the RA can purchase soft drinks, candy bars, or a fling at a bowling game. A loudspeaker in the RA barks out positive or negative reinforcements to the students, as the person watching the monitor sees fit. "That's good bowling," the speaker crackles for reinforcement as a student gets a good score. "Stop that," it crackles for negative reinforcement if a student is "handling or fondling" a friend. But the monitors are also providers. "I want a candy bar," a student tells the speaker in the RA. The monitor hears, a buzzer sounds, and a candy bar slips out of a machine.

DANIEL ZWERDLING



Factory School

A geodesic dome draped with a parachute makes a private space for students in Minnesota's St. Paul Open School—a former factory that parents and teachers convinced the school district to buy.

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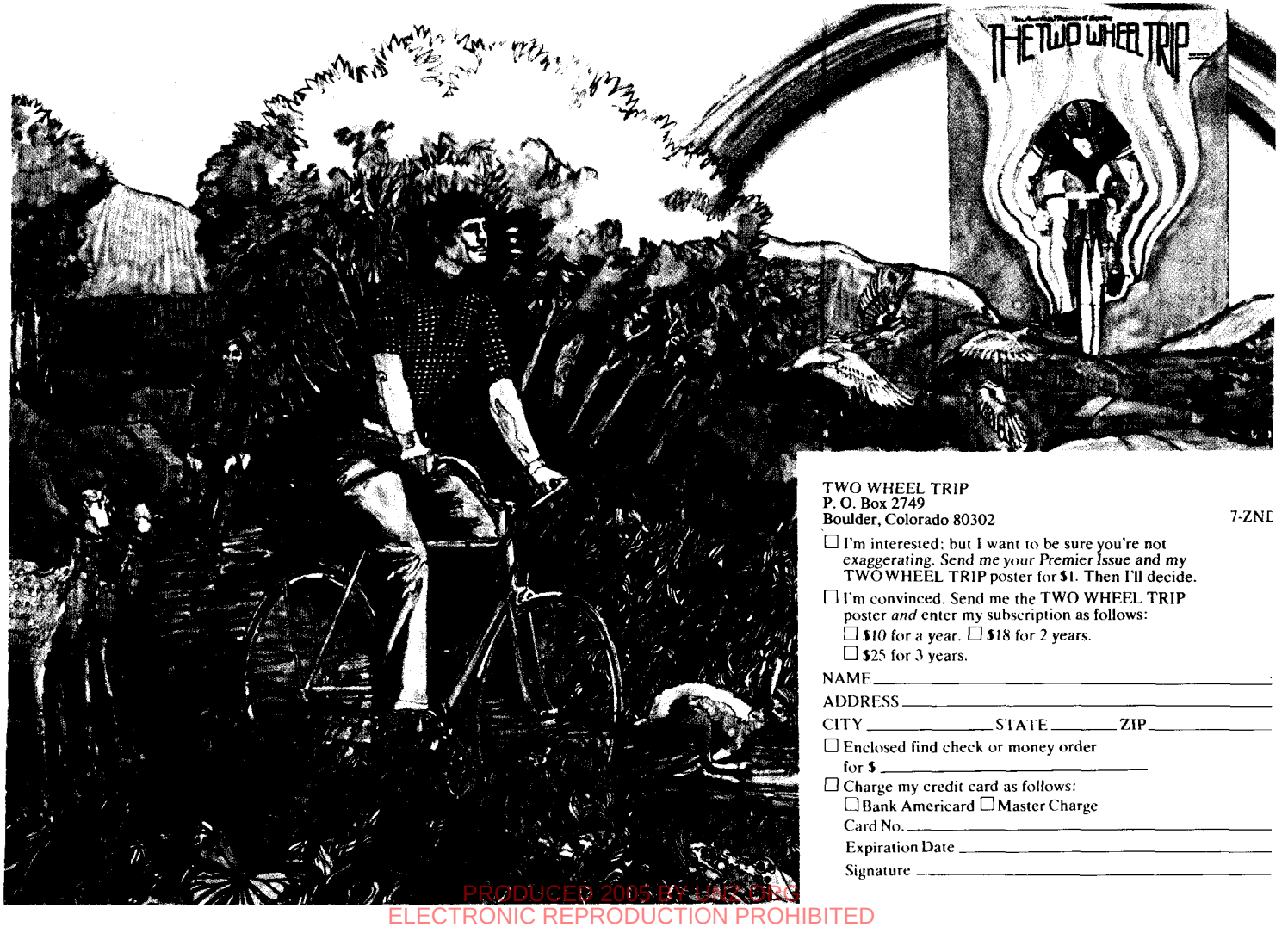

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COLLEGES & UNIVERSITIES

Trouble, Trouble...

Worried about exams? Uptight about being called on in class? Afraid of speaking in front of large groups? At Cornell the dean of students has started a new program to reduce—and resolve—these and many other common student problems.

The new plan, called the Academic and Social Anxiety Program (ASAP), emphasizes "systematic desensitization." Students first are taught to identify the sources of their anxiety (some are afraid of dogs; others can't stand the

idea of flying home for Christmas), and then, with the help of audio tapes, they are taught how to relax muscles throughout their bodies. After a few months they can relax without the tapes—and they're on the way to recovery. The program was so successful last semester (some 30 students were systematically desensitized in individual sessions) that it is now being offered to groups. □

Early Learning

John Donne, the seventeenth-century English poet, enrolled at Oxford when he was 12 years old. Early achievers like Donne have always been hitting the campus at tender ages, but what about the student who is bright, but not *that* bright? Why not enter college at, say, 16 instead of hanging around high school for two more years?

Why not indeed? answers Baird W. Whitlock, the new president of Simon's Rock, a four-year institution in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, that is the nation's first and most ambitious experiment as an "early college."

"Simon's Rock is based on the idea that there are many young people who are ready, by age 16, to begin full college work rather than waste the last two years of secondary school," says Whitlock, who until last September taught English at Elmira College in Elmira, New York.

Today Simon's Rock has an enrollment of 223 students (twice as many females as males), who traditionally would be somewhere between their junior year in high school and sophomore year in college. Classes cover the full range of college-level liberal-arts subjects, taught in seminars to groups of fewer than 15 students each. There are no required subjects—or even any majors.

After two years at Simon's Rock a student can receive a high school diploma; after four years he can receive an Associate in Arts degree, keeping the same schedule as in other schools. What makes Simon's Rock different is that it soon expects to award bachelor's degrees to its students after four years on campus. Whitlock says he expects full accreditation by the New England Association of Schools and Colleges—and the authority to award a B.A.—in the next three years. Indeed, the Carnegie Corporation recently gave the college $350,000 to help develop its accelerated B.A. curriculum.

Simon's Rock was founded in 1964 by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Hall, 62-year-old former headmistress of Concord Academy, a girls' prep school in Concord, Massachusetts. Mrs. Hall believed that many of her students, as well as public school students, were ready for college when they were just 16—even though a vogue developed then of delaying college enrollment for a few years after high school to gain maturity. Mrs. Hall, the wife of a Harvard Law School professor, started Simon's Rock with an all-female enrollment, because she feared that boys would be more career-oriented and thus less likely to risk joining an experimental school. The college—and its Swiss chalet–style dormitories—went co-ed in 1970.

Because it takes a special kind of 16-year-old to cope with an early college admission (Whitlock admits that "an early college isn't for everybody"), applicants are screened carefully. "Our students are normal and bright," Whitlock says. "Basically, they are turned off to the educational system, but not to education itself. The thought of an eleventh-grade English class is just more than they can stand."

The cost is high, $4,300 a year for tuition, room, and board, a fact that so far has tended to limit Simon's Rock to the offspring of white, upper- and upper-middle-class families. This year only 14 blacks are enrolled—twice as

many as last year—and just 33 students qualify for the limited financial aid available.

Graduates of Simon's Rock often enter traditional four-year colleges as juniors; some are admitted directly into graduate schools. Others try a fresh start. Julie DeForest, a class three student (junior) from Barrington, Rhode Island, says she plans to enter Yale as a freshman after graduating from Simon's Rock, "because Yale is so intimidating I'd like to start out humbly." Donna Jaffe, a class two student, says, "I'll feel safer academically going on to a regular college from Simon's Rock." Relaxing on the floor after

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a dance class, Donna adds that the college "still has a long way to go. They've got to get a greater diversity of students and offer more courses."

Simon's Rock has gone a long way, however, in casting off the traditions of most other colleges. Its 43 faculty members negotiate their salaries; the school does not have a normal ranking system. There are no titles—everyone is listed alphabetically in the college catalog. Still, the school is popular. Some 300 persons applied recently for eight teaching jobs; 80 applied for an opening as a librarian.

For their part, most students seem to handle their new freedom well. All first-year students live in one dorm "with liberal parietal hours," and all dorms have several faculty members in residence. "There are fewer freshman problems here than at any other place I've taught," says Whitlock. "There was only one case of homesickness this year."

WILLIAM S. WELT

Campus Suicides

Only a few hours after he received his master's degree, a graduate student at the University of Colorado put a gun to his head last year and killed himself. A few months ago a 24-year-old part-time student climbed to the fourth floor of the student office building at the University of California, Berkeley, and jumped through a window to his death.

Other students commit suicide by using razor blades. Or rope. Or—the method reported most frequently on campuses—pills. Whatever the means, enough students are attempting to kill themselves that most colleges and universities treat suicide itself as a serious problem.

Many college counselors estimate that about 1,000 students make serious suicide attempts each year—and about 250 succeed. "The student suicide rate continued to increase through the Sixties," says Michael Peck, who conducted a recent study of suicides at the University of California, Los Angeles, "and in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, it has doubled in just the last couple of years."

Across the nation, suicide is considered the second leading cause of death among college students (accidents are first). In addition to those who actually kill themselves, many more students at least contemplate suicide or complain of suicidal feelings. More than 30 students who visited the psychiatric health service at the University of Colorado last year, for example, reported suicidal feelings.

The most common source of suicide counseling on American campuses remains the student health center or university hospital, where there usually is at least one staff psychiatrist or psychologist. Some students, of course, do not bother to turn to such traditional sources of help, so many colleges are making it easier for students to get help at new phone-in or drop-in crisis centers. Frequently such centers are operated by students themselves.

At the University of Colorado, where one administrator reports there is a serious suicide attempt every month, students run a 24-hour telephone Rap Line where other students can talk with people their own ages. Rap Line operators listen with sympathy to students' problems and then urge potentially suicidal students to get in touch with the health center's psychiatric emergency service. The Rap Line staff also volunteers to escort students to the health center. At the center a counselor is available 24 hours a day.

With the creation of better suicide-prevention facilities, researchers are piecing together more information about the characteristics of many student suicides. The most common denominator appears to be loneliness. "Suicide is often related to problems with interpersonal relationships," says Carol Schneider, a psychologist at the University of Colorado. "Nobody loves them. No one rallies around to care for them." Dr. Robert Arnstein, chief psychiatrist at Yale's health service, says that a potentially suicidal student is one who "feels there is no other alternative. He feels trapped. At the particular moment in time, he doesn't see any way out."

At the University of California, Berkeley, where about three students commit suicide each year, Dr. Richard H. Seiden describes the major factors as "worry over schoolwork, chronic concern about physical health, and difficulties with interpersonal relationships." He adds that females are more likely to attempt suicide than males, but males are more likely to succeed. Dr. Seiden, an associate professor of behavioral sciences who has made several studies of student suicides, says that in most undergraduate cases the suicide victim has better than average grades, although the reverse is true among graduate students.

How can more student suicides be prevented? Better counseling services may be one means. Most counselors appear confident that their programs are preventing at least some suicides. But Dr. Seiden goes a step further. Beyond counseling students during their moments of crisis, he suggests that "an educational campaign, which would inform students, faculty, and the administrators about some of the clues to suicide, could be extremely helpful.

"In particular there is one notion which should be immediately dispelled —the curious belief that people who talk about suicide do not kill themselves. Quite the contrary. Not all people who talk about suicide kill themselves, but of the people who do commit suicide, almost all have given frequent warnings which should be taken seriously and not ignored."

WILLIAM A. SIEVERT

Getting the Word

For years Ivy League colleges have sent out their admissions letters in April, and students from Scarsdale to Seattle have had to wait by their mailboxes until they got *the word*. Next year they may not have to wait so long. All Ivy colleges (except Cornell but with the addition of MIT) will mail tentative "early evaluations" to applicants starting in the late fall. The evaluations will tell high school seniors whether their chances appear to be "likely," "possible," or "unlikely." For those who don't give up hope, the final word will still come in April. □

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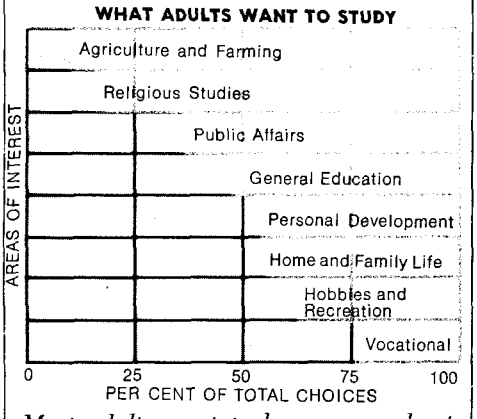
LIFE & LEARNING

Most People Want to Learn More

Most adults want to learn more about something—but they don't particularly want to go to school to do so, according to the Commission on Non-Traditional Study. The 26-member commission, funded by the Carnegie Corporation, says that adults have an enormous—but unmet—appetite for more education. The commission's research found that three-fourths of all U.S.



Most adults want to learn more about vocational skills and hobbies—instead of traditional academic subjects.

adults between the ages of 18 and 60 (some 80 million persons) said they want to learn more about something. And one-third of all adults (32 million persons) said they had enrolled during the previous year in some type of learning activity—evening classes, extension courses, correspondence schools, on-the-job training, private lessons, independent study, or television classes.

The commission found, however, that more people were interested in learning about vocational subjects, hobbies, and recreation than about general education (see chart). Most adults surveyed also said they wanted to learn in some place other than a college or university campus. Classes in day or evening high schools were their first choice, community-run "free schools" were second, and public two-year colleges were third.

To provide greater opportunities for non-traditional study, the commission proposes that all high school graduates be given financial credit that they could use for college immediately or defer for use later, that colleges change their emphasis from granting degrees to serving students, and that new agencies be created to provide greater access to information, emphasizing programming for cable television, videotape recordings, and satellite broadcasting.

Throughout its two years of work the commission never quite defined what "non-traditional" study was. Indeed, Samuel B. Gould, commission chairman and chancellor emeritus of the State University of New York, noted that the lack of definition was "a stumbling block we never quite hurdled to our satisfaction." The commission did say, however, that such study was "an attitude that puts the student first and the institution second, concentrates more on the former's need than the latter's convenience, encourages diversity of individual opportunity, and de-emphasizes time or space or even course requirements in favor of competence and, where applicable, performance." Whatever the definition of non-traditional study, most people want more of it. □

Brains

Not long ago a second-grade teacher asked one of her pupils: "Which of the numbers from one to ten can be divided evenly by two?"

"All of them," replied the pupil, who, though the teacher didn't know it, was extremely bright.

"Try again," said the teacher. "And this time think."

After a pause the pupil again said, "All of them."

"All right," said the by-now-exasperated teacher, "exactly how do you divide five evenly by two?"

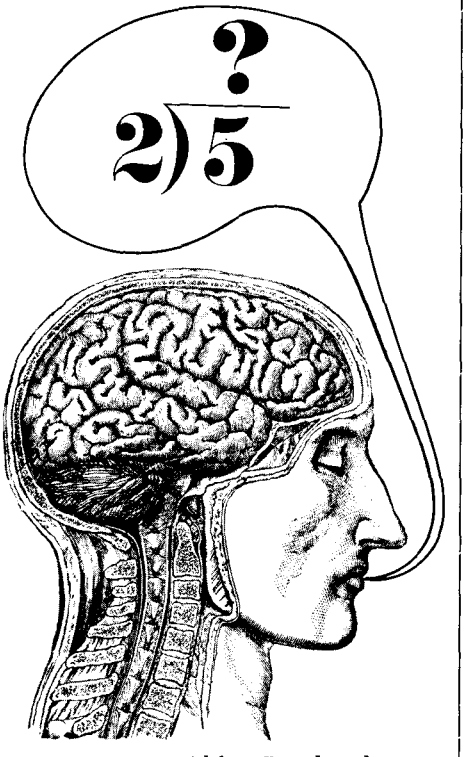
"Two and a half and two and a half," replied the unshakable pupil.

"If you're going to be smart-alecky," snapped the teacher, "you can leave the room."

The incident illustrates what casual observation has long suggested: that intelligence itself is no guarantee of success, either in school or elsewhere, and may in fact bring special problems. Recently, moreover, a growing body of data has begun to show exactly how very bright people are often at a severe handicap.

A study at the University of Michigan demonstrated, for example, that business executives with high IQs are as likely to create problems as to solve them—that, in effect, they often stumble over their own brains. And Max L. Fogel, a Philadelphia clinical psychologist who specializes in problems of the gifted, reports that bright people "tend to change jobs more often and encounter more difficulties and dissatisfactions than the general population. This is partly a function of their own personality problems, but it frequently also derives from the belligerence and hostility of employers, peers, and subordinates. Another factor is boredom with established routine."

When bright people are asked whether they do indeed experience such problems, they invariably reply with a



weary amen. Abbe Bershatsky, an NYU graduate student with an IQ of 174, says her brightness was responsible for a deep-seated feeling of inferiority. "I was always the youngest and smallest in my class because I skipped a grade in elementary school," she says. "And I was constantly battling with teachers and getting beaten down by them. As a result of those early years, I'm still excessively timid."

A Stamford, Connecticut, man with an IQ in the low genius range reports that because his mind works so logically, he used to expect the minds of others to think in the same way. "I'd get terribly impatient when people wouldn't argue by the rules,"

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he says. "It would drive me up the wall when they'd use *ad hominem* arguments or other obvious fallacies. I'd say to them, 'Hey, you can't do that,' and they'd tell me to go to hell. It's taken me a long time to accept the fact that others don't catch on so quickly or see all the implications as quickly as I do."

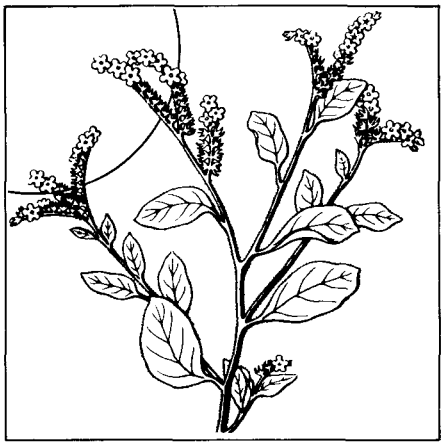
A young woman who attended schools for the gifted says she grew up with the idea that average intelligence was higher than it really is. "When I got out of school," she recalls, "it took me a while to adjust. I still have to hold myself back sometimes when I'm talking to people who aren't as bright as I am."

A black writer who graduated from an Ivy League college describes a different but nonetheless related problem. "The typical black mother," he says, "is rigidly anti-intellectual, because brains, she knows, are a threat to Mr. Charlie. So if you're known to read books, you're constantly under suspicion of being queer or something. If for some reason you're going to follow the life of the mind, you just have to resign yourself to having problems—like not being able to attract girls. As long as you conform to the stereotypes, everyone approves of you. But if you don't, you have a lot of trouble, because nobody knows what to make of you. It's as if your house cat were to look up at you and say, 'On the whole, I find Spinoza rather shallow.' "

And a high-IQ writer and editor named Dorothy Sara tells of her difficulties as a schoolgirl: "I skipped two grades, so I was two years younger than my classmates. I was a skinny little kid, and I found it hard to make friends with the older children. I had real problems socially. I also had my own ideas about how things should be done, and I even remember one teacher telling me, 'Dorothy, you're unteachable.' " Discouraged, Dorothy drifted away from school after the eighth grade. Despite the teacher's judgment, she has managed to write or edit some 65 books.

Can bright people do anything about such problems? Many adapt in the same way chameleons do, by suppressing or disguising their real interests and abilities. But that, clearly, is not the perfect answer. Perhaps a better one is suggested by Dr. Fogel (who, among other things, is science and education director for Mensa, the society for people whose tested IQs are higher than those of the other 98 per cent of the population): "One compensatory solution is the development of challenging avocations which help to alleviate feelings of ennui and goallessness."

JAMES F. FIXX



Turning to the Sun

Repeat of a successful Heliotrope course. Authentic and informal. Includes a 17th century magic initiation ceremony and a witches' sabbath in an old graveyard. Black, white and gray magic. Great for Tarot readers and astrologers: Cabalistic.

Heliotrope, one of the nation's largest —and most successful—free universities, offers more than 200 courses a month, not all as eclectic as the Magic Encounter that its catalog describes above. Indeed, Heliotrope courses range from the physical (belly dancing, sailing, massage) to the theoretical (transactional analysis, Gurdjieff, gay encounters) to the practical (guitar making, stained-glass windows, how to buy a used car). There are no course requirements; anyone can take a course any time, since Heliotrope (the name of plants that turn to the sun) is open 12 months a year.

The "nonschool" was founded in San Francisco four years ago by David Marmon, a recent Harvard graduate, and William Kitchen, a systems analyst for Univac. Their goal was to offer interesting, immediate education to anyone who wanted it.

"As people get down to a shorter work week," says Kitchen, "the opportunity to ride a horse or chant sanskrit becomes more appealing and more available. Heliotrope offers a pleasant and still educational means of using this time."

Heliotrope charges tuition (from $10 to $20 a course, depending on the instructor), and the instructor splits the fee with the school. The instructors themselves are described in the course catalog. The teacher of the Basic Wine Appreciation course is listed as an "avid wine appreciator who has taught Heliotrope wine classes throughout the past year." The instructor of the Birds of Prey course is the "trainer of hawks and eagles at the San Francisco Zoo."

Heliotrope is a nonprofit corporation; it is not accredited by any other institution or association. It has no physical plant or campus; classes meet wherever the instructor wants to hold them. Many meet in the instructors' homes.

More than 2,500 students are enrolled in Heliotrope's informal education network. Most are in the post-school age—from 18 to 35—although Heliotrope offers children's classes in art, horseback riding, and metaphysics. Lately there also has been a steady increase in senior citizen enrollment.

At first, Heliotrope—like most other free universities—had financial problems. But now it is making money and expanding. Marmon started a branch in Los Angeles last fall and is planning another in Washington, D.C., later this year and perhaps even another in London after that. "The idea," says cofounder Kitchen, "is to rebuild the knowledge industry." Such rebuilding, of course, requires the financial discipline and control that most other open-university administrators lack. "Other free universities fail," Kitchen says, "because the founders think it unhip to do double-entry bookkeeping." □

ABCs in Somalia

The Supreme Revolutionary Council in Somalia has adopted a new incentive for persuading the nation's officials to learn to read their own language.

Until last year there was no written Somali language, even though the Somali tongue was spoken by the nation's three million people. When written communication was needed, Somalis used the colonial languages of Italian or English. But then Mohamed Siad Barre, president of the council, ordered that the Somali language be written in Latin script—and he told the 60,000 government officials to learn to read and write it. Further, he told the bureaucrats to use Latin script in all official communications; he said he would throw out all letters that were not in the new written Somali.

The government held literacy tests in January to see how many officials had learned to write Somali. So many failed that a second test has been scheduled for May—and Barre has threatened to fire any official who failed it then.

The new language is not without its problems. There was no way of translating all modern concepts into the ancient tongue. Anyone wishing to write the word "rocket," for example, must write "arrow" and hope that the context makes it clear. □

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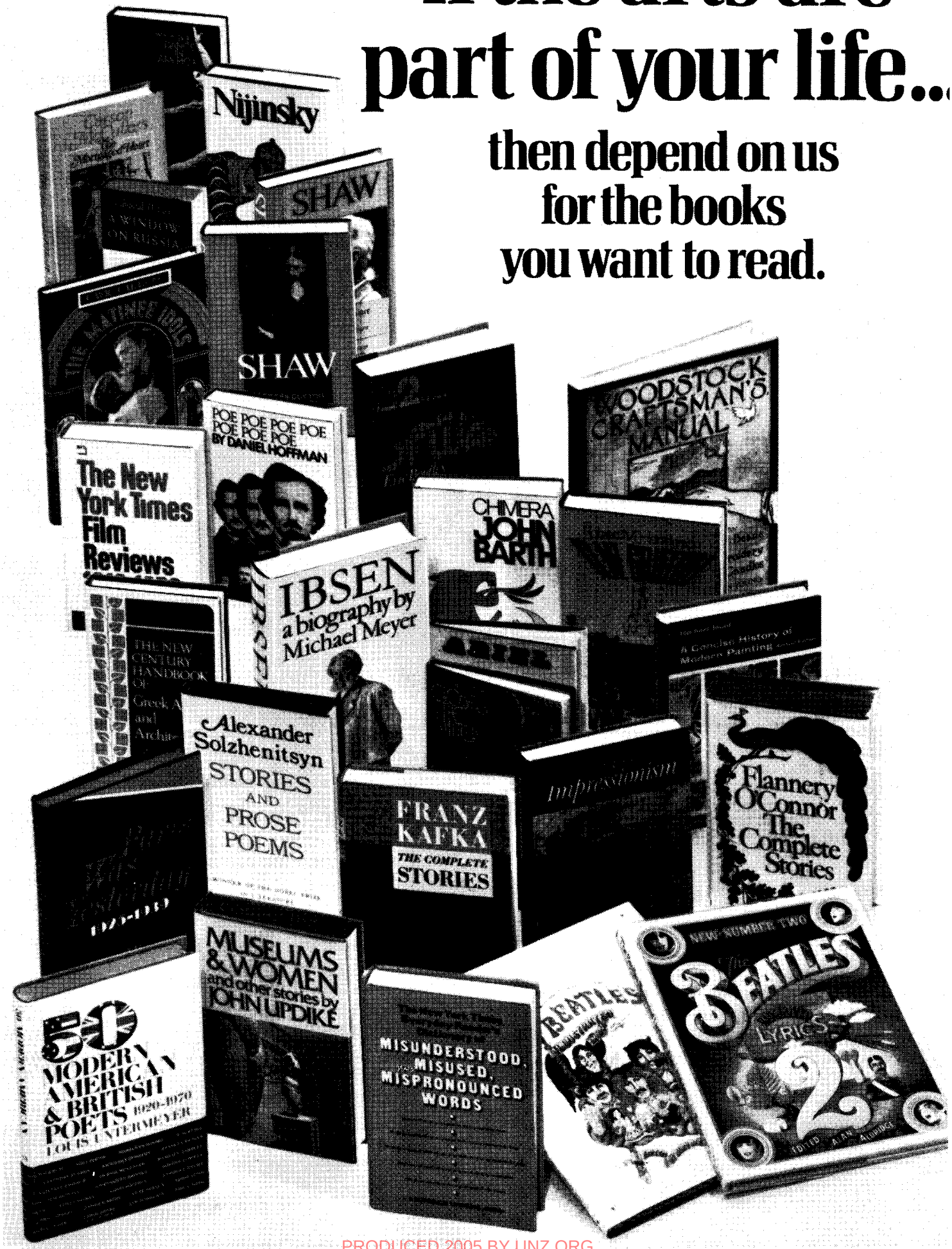
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MEDIA & MATERIALS

Eskimo Primers

Is there anything that makes less pedagogical sense than dark-skinned children in ghettos learning to read by studying books about light-skinned children in suburbs? Here's a candidate: Eskimo children studying books about children of any color in places they can scarcely imagine. Starting next fall, however, in collaboration with the Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory in Portland, Oregon, and several educational agencies in Alaska, the Eskimo, Indian, Aleut Printing Company, Inc., will be publishing a series of readers designed specifically for Eskimo children. The readers aim at leading them "from their own environment to an understanding of the outside world." For example, the first reader in the series, *Sam the Husky*, is the story of a vicious dog in a small Alaskan village who breaks loose from his chain and chases a child around the village. From this introduction the series builds to a point where various Alaskan children are depicted in visits first to cities like Anchorage and then to places in the continental United States. The series concludes with portraits of several Alaskans who have "made it." The publishers intend to distribute the Alaskan readers by train, barge, snowmobile, and possibly even dog sled to any village in the Yukon, and by bush planes to outlying villages on the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean. Similar series have been developed by the Northwest Lab for Guam and for the Pacific Northwest Indians. □

Make-Your-Own Science Kits

A few years ago Douglas Lapp, director of elementary science programs for the Fairfax County, Virginia, schools, decided that there must be a better way of designing science materials for the county's classrooms. So he set up a small factory in an abandoned school building, hired some mothers and students from low-income pockets in the otherwise affluent suburb, and started turning out thousands of science kits himself.

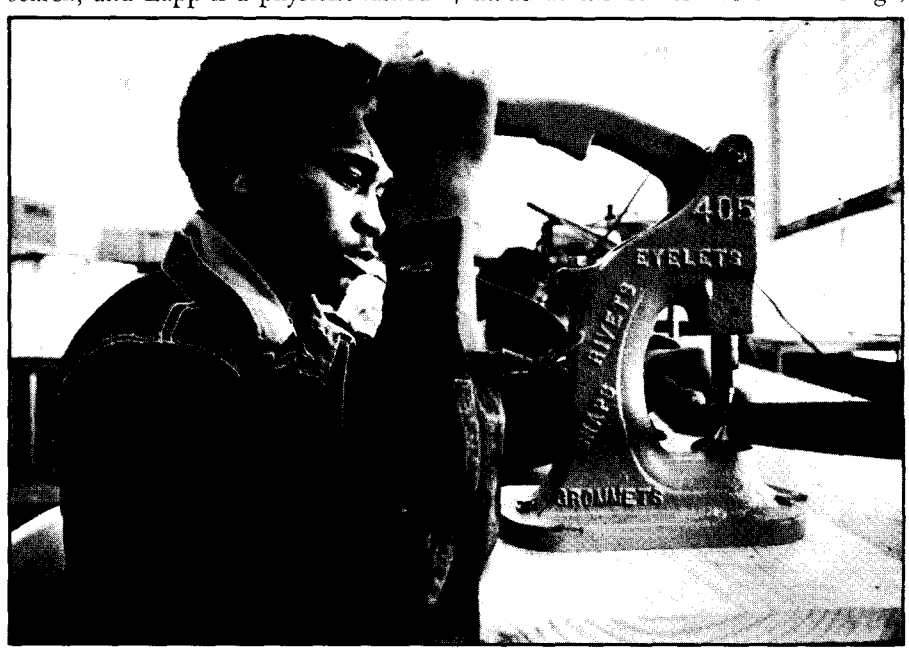
Since then Lapp's Instructional Materials Processing Center has produced 26 different science kits (200 sets of each), all modeled on the Elementary Science Study units created in the 1960s as a National Science Foundation–funded curriculum reform. The kits cover such subjects as gas analysis, electricity, buoyancy, and growing seeds. Each kit is stocked for 32 pupils, with one microscope per child and a total of 1,600 items to a box, including problem cards and a teacher's manual.

The first 4,000 kits the center turned out cost the county $211,000 instead of the $420,000 they would have cost commercially. The center can reduce costs so substantially because it has funding from the Neighborhood Youth Corps for its student workers, it frequently scrounges what it doesn't make, it can coast on ESS's $9 million of research, and Lapp is a physicist-turned-educator with a boyhood apprenticeship in a machine shop (he makes a better microscope for 26 cents than the commercial one for $4).

And because Lapp offered the kits to all 2,100 of the county's teachers with the proviso that they attend a workshop in experimenting with the materials, he has managed to do what few other administrators can claim—to provide virtually all teachers with two days of training a year in the ways of informal, nondidactic teaching.

Lapp's work has not gone unnoticed. "What Lapp has done is beautiful," says Jerrold Zacharias, the MIT atomic physicist who founded ESS in 1958. "It's an unbeatable system. Everybody knows the open classroom has to be full of stimulating things, but it's got to be emptyable, too." Lapp, young-looking at 33, slight, with horn-rimmed glasses, combed and dressed as conservatively as yesterday's preacher, is more modest. "There'll be people who scorn anything that comes in kits," he says. "But I think it's no accident that the best informal schools rely heavily on ESS materials. No matter how innovative a program a teacher has going, it can be doomed if she doesn't have the things with which children can pursue their own interests."

As Lapp leads a visitor to his workshop and assembly rooms, it's clear he delights in every aspect of his cottage industry. He looks in on the two high school students who are diagnosing the ills of some of the 7,000 microscopes made at the center two summers ago,



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and he watches four younger boys who are turning out parts for pendulums, pan balances, and test-tube racks.

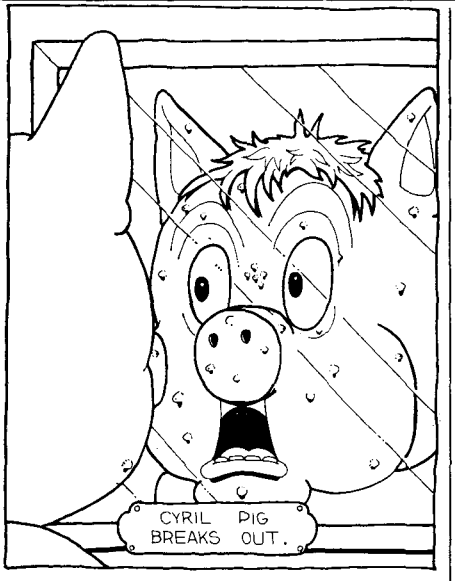
In rooms stacked floor to ceiling with bins of bright-colored objects, clusters of girls and women are punching eyelet holes in Sweetheart Ice Cream buckets and cutting bead chains so the buckets will hang from balance beams. The girls are counting out soufflé cups and sanctuary candles (used as a heat source), clothespins (used as tongs), medicine cups, and all the tiny junk items—the tacks, pins, spools, chips—that commercial kit suppliers routinely suggest the teacher assemble for each child. One worker, whose daughter attends preschool in the same building, sorts 26 different types of minerals that come from Colorado and need considerable checking (336 rocks per kit times 200 kits) each time they return from classroom use. She has developed a good eye for distinguishing between obsidian and anthracite, feldspar and quartz, but she can't tell slate from shale without testing them, as the children do, on a streak plate.

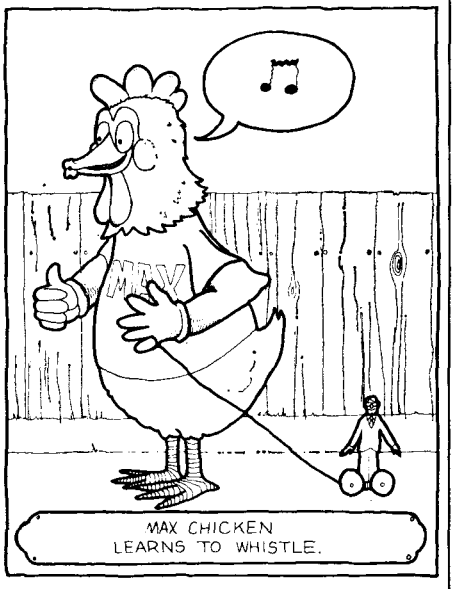
Lapp rummages through a cluttered rack in order to demonstrate some of his ideas for measuring time. In a few seconds he is sloshing water on the floor as he upends a tube filled with liquid in which a weighted vial is rising. "We want to come up with a series of timing events which will interest children," he says. "From there the possibilities are endless. We'll use darkroom timers, metronomes, weighted tin cans with punched holes sinking in water, sand running through a paper cone. Here the kids learn how to isolate the variables—add more sand or," he says as he snips at the point of the cone with the kindergarten scissors, "increase the size of the hole. They can invent their own clocks to time a minute or an hour. That's harder."

Having mopped up the mess, Lapp perches on the garbage can of sand. "People have been oversimplifying measurement. The teacher can get a lot of mileage out of simple materials if she knows the questions to be asking. She has to know a host of possibilities before she can improvise.

"More administrators should be working on these teacher-support problems instead of setting up elaborate goals which don't help teachers or children and then attempting to prove statistically to have reached them. And I'd really like to see idea centers where teachers could interact with consultants and have access to all the materials they need. In this country we've figured out how to provide many teachers with materials but not how to let the few who want to go beyond that make their own. But we keep trying."

PEGGY THOMSON





Animal Pikchurs

What kinds of books are being published for the children of the "new" parents? *Animal Pikchurs,* a "Look at Life" coloring book by Jim Himes (Straight Arrow Press) is an antidote to the straight world of children's books. It will probably find its way to every turned-on cocktail table—and possibly every hip nursery—in America. *Animal Pikchurs* is 48 pages of often hilarious drawings depicting a whole zoo of animals, ranging from Fay Groundhog and Burt Horse to Mamie Rhinoceros and Mildred Fox. They appear in a series of "relevant" situations today's modern child presumably wants to relate to while coloring: "Cornell Porcupine gets an electric guitar and amp for his birthday"; "Lisa Rabbit wears her new bikini to the beach without telling her parents"; "Ed Dog loses his quarter in the coffee machine"; "Al Walrus finds his son, Ted, masturbating but says, 'It's OK, don't feel guilty.' " Whether the book is really meant for children, and whether it's good for the children of even the hippest families, is open to argument—*caveat parens.* The price is $2. □

Bilingual Monthly

The movement toward bilingual education is growing in strength, and *Materiales en Marcha* ("Materials on the March"), an attractive monthly publication of the Materials Acquisition Project in San Diego, California, is bound to help it along. Funded by Title VII of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the booklet is designed to distribute information about instructional materials currently published in Spanish- or Portuguese-speaking countries. In addition to listing titles, publishers, and prices of a wide variety of materials, it also contains features—in both Spanish and English—about recent developments in bilingual education in America. One recent issue, for example, contained articles about arguments against bilingual education and a new Portuguese Materials Resource Center in Providence, Rhode Island. Another has an article written by a group of parents in San Diego, outlining the philosophy of an alternative Spanish-language–oriented public school they initiated. To obtain a free copy, write: Ann Kern, Materials Acquisition Project, 2950 National Avenue, San Diego, California 92113. □

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BOOKS

Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief

BY BENJAMIN DeMOTT

THE NEW PROFESSIONALS. Edited by Ronald Gross and Paul Osterman. 316 pages. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

"Virtually every one of the major professions is deeply troubled," say the editors of this collection of essays, "and most are in the process of renewal, reconstruction, reform and, occasionally, revolution." There's probably more wishfulness than truth in this claim; yet the past decade has witnessed some striking developments in the professions and in professional education, and Gross and Osterman (a New York University professor and an MIT graduate student) are right to take them seriously.

Their way of doing so, in the book at hand, was to assemble a group of professionals, each of whom qualifies by Gross/Osterman standards as a trailblazer, and to invite each to describe promising new career patterns in his field. (The contributors include Staughton Lynd on intellectuals, Paul Later on academics, Jack Geiger on medical doctors, Nat Hentoff on journalists, Neil Postman on primary and secondary school teachers, and a half-dozen others.) In addition, the editors retained Alan Gartner and Frank Reissman of NYU's New Careers Development Center to specify the good and bad effects of the advent of the paraprofessional in the fields of health, education, and law. Finally they provided two overviews: one, by Caroline Bird, on structural changes necessary to bring about the damasculinizing of the professions, and another, by themselves, on basic themes and assumptions unifying reformist efforts from field to field.

Predictably, *The New Professionals* is in large part the work of enthusiasts —people a shade over-responsive to success formulas, okay words, overnight transformations. In title after title, for instance, these essays invoke the magic of the New—the New Intellectual, the New Professor, the New Clergyman, the New Journalist, the New Engineer, etc.—as though *new* were some miracle fruit, squeezable forever without loss of its okay juice. But several contributors—most notably Jack Geiger, project director for two pioneering rural and urban health centers—are at pains to show their own sound understanding of necessary relationships between past and future, between what we have and what we want.

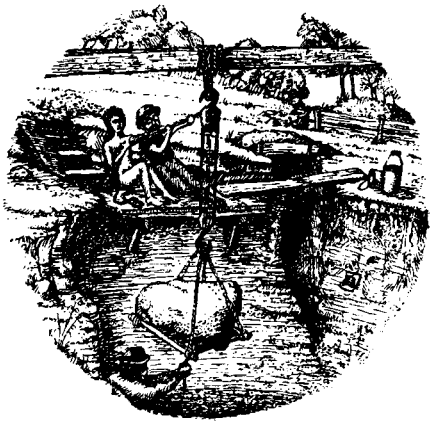
"The opening and flowering of medicine," Geiger writes, "need not and will not end its more traditional components: biology, down to the level of molecular biology and molecular genetics and back up again through tissues and organs and systems to the level of that intact, complete and wonderful mechanism, the human body; or the social and behavioral sciences that deal with what makes man unique among the mammals, his intellectual and emotional and social capacities; or the specific technologies, from surgery to engineering, that are involved in diagnosis and treatment. The skills and knowledge of the past will still apply; it is the assumptions and ideas of the past as to how that knowledge was to be put into human service as the practice of medicine that are changing."

And Holly Henderson, writing on the New Businessman, actually undertakes to imagine her opposition's view of itself from inside and to counsel reformers against excessive moral self-congratulation and present-mindedness.

The editors' account of the profession-reformers' aims and principles stresses, correctly, the need for alterations in present credentialing systems, the appearance of a fresh-flowing current of admirable idealism— "the new practitioner is primarily concerned [not with status but] with the well-being of people, and with the social change necessary to achieve it"—and the growing commitment to the principle of accountability or client control. Because the individual contributors are generous about naming names,

Benjamin DeMott is chairman of a Council of Graduate Schools–Educational Testing Service subcommittee on Concepts of Graduate Education in Relation to Social Need.

...and 25 Farmers



HOME COMFORT: Stories and Scenes of Life on Total Loss Farm. By Hugh Beame, Peter Gould, et al. Edited by Richard Wizansky. Illustrated. 329 pages. Saturday Review Press. $8.95.

This modern New England communal farm was first made famous three years ago in Raymond Mungo's *Total Loss Farm: A Year in the Life. Home Comfort* is a further celebration of Total Loss, one of the very few communal farms that seem to have offered more joys than sorrows. The sorrows, difficulties, and disappointments are here, but the victories—both practical (within its system of "systemless accomplishment," or attempted hassleless making-do) and spiritual (the phrase "Home Comfort," the name of a stove, sums it up)—overshadow the defeats. Leaving the farm (some of the 25 contributors to this book have left) is, incidentally, not considered a defeat; home comfort is not necessarily forever. Defeat, rather, is expressed here in a kind of aesthetic frustration: a lot of projects never quite get finished. The frustration goes against the deliberate lack of system, but that's life—and so recognized in this very engaging compendium.

The book consists of essays, tales, confessions, recipes, accounts of daily farm life—there is a marvelous chapter about digging a well, which required a good deal of inventiveness as well as sweat (the accompanying drawing shows one of the challenges)—and some 300 illustrations and decorations. As a whole, the book evokes a modern back-to-the-soil pioneering way of life that may not be for everyone yet nonetheless looks fun and inviting, at least to read about. Unlike a lot of other pioneers of the "New Age," the members, past and present, of Total Loss do not present themselves as holier-than-thee-and-me, which is in itself refreshing and—well, what perhaps we need. A nice book, and an optimistic one. E.F.-S.

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agencies, little-known journals, and other parts of the new-careers network, their essays have a catalog dimension that lends them special value to career counselors, amateur or pro.

More important than any of this, the book breathes throughout with a sense of possibility. Contrary to the hopes of some, the deepening campus calm doesn't signify acceptance of the career structure as before; the desire for alternative work patterns persists, together with a pervasive skepticism of getting and spending as an ethos. A major need at this hour is for voices capable of speaking directly to that skepticism, showing it how to advance beyond self-contempt to the creation of jobs worth doing. If *The New Professionals* is short on subtlety and at times impatient with complication, it nevertheless does help to meet that need. And in the process it lays out what nobody nowadays expects to encounter in a book—a wonderfully energizing sight, blueprints for a thousand good lives. □

Mission Impossible?

DEFEAT OF AN IDEAL: A Study of the Self-Destruction of the United Nations. By Shirley Hazzard. 286 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. $8.50.

BY SUSAN COWLEY

The usual answer to charges that the United Nations is ineffectual, administratively top-heavy, and controlled by the United States—a place where action is stifled by paper "reports" and where thought is drowned in meaningless semantics—is that it is better than nothing. "As long as they keep talking," people say.

But "the United Nations has kept talking through wars, civil strife, military aggression, religious persecution, tidal waves, starvation and millions of violent deaths," Shirley Hazzard reminds us in this brilliant and angry critique of the 28-year-old institution. Vietnam, Biafra, and Czechoslovakia were never discussed to any effect in the hallowed halls on the East River. "One feels that Armageddon itself will pass unnoticed at the United Nations because 'no one put it on the agenda.'"

Shirley Hazzard, who left her job at the Secretariat after ten years in 1962 to write fiction (*Cliffs of Fall, People in Glass Houses, The Bay of Noon*), has made her experience in the lower echelons of the U.N. the basis for a lively and readable indictment of the whole institution. Skipping over often-heard complaints about voting distribution in the General Assembly, she concentrates on the intolerable conditions within the Secretariat—the international civil service of 35,000 employees that is at the heart of the giant organization. With intimate personal observation, sarcasm, and metaphor quite different from the dry, sanctimonious prose usually reserved for failing humanitarian experiments, she tells the terrible story of the cowardice and stupidity at the top that have blasted away at the quality of the staff responsible for the U.N.'s internal operations.

Located in an influential "host country" and originally more than 40 per cent dependent on U.S. funds, the U.N. may never have had a chance. Serious trouble started in 1949 when Trygve Lie, the first secretary-general ("a weak man," Hazzard writes, "but his weakness was of the kind accompanied by bombast, truculence and self-dramatization") entered into an unpublicized and still little-known secret agreement with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The FBI would pass on to Lie any "derogatory" information they might have on U.S. applicants for U.N. jobs; at the time two-thirds of the staff were U.S. citizens or applying for residence status. In making this pact, Hazzard writes, the Secretariat "delivered itself conclusively . . . into the hands of national interest." The arrangement also violated the four-year-old U.N. Charter, which binds the secretary-general and his staff to independence from national pressures.

That was the beginning of the end. The FBI's physical installation in U.N. offices (on supposedly international territory) was followed by purges of any employee critical of Lie or of U.N. policies. These "witchhunts" resulted in a decimation of talent and the creation of an atmosphere of repression and fear within the Secretariat. Each department soon had its informers and its victims. By 1952, with Senator Joseph McCarthy and his allies in the Senate pressuring Lie to oust U.N. "subversives . . . . madness had set in. Virtually every non-administrative member of the U.N. staff was viewed as a potential 'security threat.'" In Hazzard's view, the young peace-keeping organization was permanently and perhaps fatally damaged by the brutality of the resulting staff purges. To make matters worse, the total demoralization of the staff, the triumph of mediocrity, the lack of recognition of merit or the desire to serve among the staff, has gone almost unnoticed by Secretariat bosses as well as by the U.N. press contingent. Even Hammarskjold, whom Hazzard describes as the best, or at least the most responsible, of a bad lot, "treated the staff body as a servant class."

Susan Cowley is a journalist now living in San Francisco.

SR RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1951–1971. By A. R. Ammons (Norton, $12.50)—An important and absorbing collection by a renewer of the central tradition of American poetry.

DEEPER INTO MOVIES. By Pauline Kael (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $12.95)—This huge new collection of movie reviews (1969–1972), by a critic whose writing combines intelligence, enthusiasm, wit, and clarity, serves also as a record of current interaction between movies—our national theater—and our national life.

GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. By Thomas Pynchon (Viking, $15)—A mammoth new novel—in size, complexity, and theme—set toward the end of World War II and concerned in part with our relationship with technology.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

HOME COMFORT. Edited by Richard Wizansky (Saturday Review Press, $8.95)—A handsomely published and completely beguiling collection of first-person accounts (with illustrations) of the joys, hassles, challenges, and accomplishments—practical and spiritual—of life on a communal New England farm.

THE INCOMPLEAT FOLKSINGER. By Pete Seeger. Edited by Jo Metcalf Schwartz (Simon & Schuster, $12.50)—Social and political observations, a survey of folk music and musicians, and along the way an autobiography of the troubadour who sets it all down with grace, verve, and an unself-conscious humanity.

NOBODY EVER DIED OF OLD AGE. By Sharon R. Curtin (Atlantic–Little, Brown, $6.95)—A powerful, personal, and affecting essay about how this country regards (and treats) its elderly, how they regard themselves, and what they might do about it.

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES. By the Boston Women's Health Book Collective (Simon & Schuster, $8.95; paperback, $2.95)—A complete medical guide for, about, and by women, and a breakthrough book of feminine consciousness.

THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME. By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressure of politics.

THE UNKNOWN ORWELL. By Peter Stansky and William Abrahams (Knopf, $8.95)—This first volume of a major biography of George Orwell covers the first thirty years of his life—from schooling at Eton to down and out in Paris and London.

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FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1545

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1545 will be found on page 69.

XCW VXXE JIDCV HFXYJ

IHQDCV XCW BYDJ XM

NGXJIWB—SXY'QW HGAHSB

VXJ SXYP LWCNDG.

IYFFHPE

WIT TWISTER NO. 322

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Though — — — — — — to die
out that night at sea,

The rainstorms — — — — — —
through a second day.

From flooded — — — — — —
floated foul debris

That — — — — — — in — —
— — — — — marshes near the
bay.

A.S.

Answer on page 69

SOLUTION OF THIS ISSUE'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 2030)

R(obert) Hughes:
THE ROLLING STONES

The fans' allegiance is not to rock as music; it is to the Stones as a socioexual event. The current tour is the Ascot of the hip, an event that cranks out the latent dandyism of every town the Stones play in and calls into action an elaborate pecking order of the in who possess tickets and the out who do not.

Much of the book is devoted to describing and explaining the nightmarish purges and their effect on the staff. But even if those scars could be erased, Hazzard contends, there would still be serious problems within the Secretariat organization. Among her observations:

- The professional service, a department of the Secretariat, is filled by geographical distribution, and the often better-qualified but lower-paid general service employees end up filling in on jobs they have little hope of being promoted to. "What is your job at the U.N.?" goes one joke among general service staffers. Answer: "I'm a Saudi Arabian [or other obscure national]."
- In contrast to niggardly working conditions at the general service level, the member-nation delegates are lavishly feted and trundled from party to party in huge limousines—all at public expense.
- There is endless unnecessary paper pushing at the U.N.—warehouses of documents that document nothing. Officials while away their hours by arguing the definition of the word "aggression" while wars are fought.
- Action and critical suggestions for improvement have gone out of style among the U.N. staff. It is the vogue to be pessimistic, and phrases like "it wouldn't have done any good" and "it was inevitable" are standard responses to every suggestion.

Hazzard is not under the illusion that *Defeat of an Ideal* will be favorably regarded by the men who run the U.N. Rather, she hopes that the book will stimulate public concern that will, in turn, become a pressure for the extensive overhaul she feels is necessary if the U.N. is to have any hope of

Integrity Was Absolute

HAMMARSKJOLD. By Brian Urquhart. Illustrated. 655 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $12.50.

Dag Hammarskjold is considered by many to have been the most able secretary-general of the United Nations, and Brian Urquhart, currently a U.N. assistant secretary-general, shares this view. Hammarskjold was elected to the position (which he once likened to that of a secular pope) in 1953; he died in a plane crash in Northern Rhodesia in 1961. Urquhart's massive account of these years—which saw the crises of Suez, Hungary, Lebanon, and the Congo—is at once a personal biography and a documentary diplomatic history. It is written with warm admiration and a graceful stateliness Hammarskjold himself would have admired; more important, it contains a good deal of new information based on Hammarskjold's private papers, to which Urquhart has been given full access.

Hammarskjold is revealed as an intensely private man—cultivated, shrewd in his assessment of others and of the painful realities of power politics, supremely rational (and impatient with those who were not), and totally dedicated to his mission. Early on, Urquhart scotches rumors of homosexuality (spread by his predecessor, Trygvie Lie); Hammarskjold did, however, have a considerable temper, and his privately recorded opinions of John Foster Dulles, Henry Cabot Lodge, Dean Rusk, Charles de Gaulle, Andrei Y. Vishinsky, and Nikita S. Khrushchev (the shoe-banging scene), among others, are caustically edged. His principal job was that of a catalyst—with little power but the persuasiveness of reason

Dag Hammarskjold at a press conference, from Hammarskjold

—for reconciliation between opposing forces; too often, as in the Middle East and the Congo, the forces preferred to remain opposed. He was concerned, too, over the isolation of China and by what he felt to be a gross underestimation in the West of Chou En-lai, "the most superior brain I have so far [in 1955] met in the field of foreign politics."

Urquhart is scrupulously cautious in summing up Hammarskjold's achievement. Although Hammarskjold was "a virtuoso of multilateral diplomacy and negotiation," his activism in the end carried a "challenge to national sovereignty further than some of the more powerful states were prepared to tolerate." Yet he was an inspiring force and gave the U.N. a new status during his tenure. "Dag Hammarskjold was," Urquhart writes, "that most unusual of creatures, a truly good man. His integrity was absolute. . . . He showed that one man, if sufficiently spirited and courageous, could stand up for principle against even the greatest powers and that in doing so he might sometimes have an influence on important events."

E. F.-S.

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working the way it was originally intended. The book *is* flawed by excessive anger. Hazzard lets her fury go untempered by compassion; and when, for example, she compares the United States with Fascist Italy or portrays Trygve Lie as a rampant megalomaniac, she seriously weakens her case. She has left herself open to being all too easily dismissed as a hysterical woman. Yet her personal involvement, her passion for metaphor ("[they were] lost in a haystack of last straws" is typical), and her wry views of the world do charm and draw one in, and make even her most intense moments plausible. □

SR RECOMMENDS

SR of Education *recommends the following recently published books in the field of education as being, in the judgment of the editors, particularly worthy of attention.*

FREE THE CHILDREN: Radical Reform and the Free School Movement. By Allen Graubard (Pantheon, $7.95)—A valuable and illuminating critical guide through the free-school movement—its theories and practices, its successes and failures, its relation to politics, culture, and the public school system, and its future limitations and possibilities.

INEQUALITY: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America. By Christopher Jencks and associates (Basic Books, $12.50)—This important three-year study, conducted at the Harvard Center for Educational Policy Research, concludes, among other things, that greater equality of education will not necessarily result in greater equality of social and economic conditions.

THE IRRELEVANT ENGLISH TEACHER. By J. Mitchell Morse (Temple, $6)—A sparklingly articulate defense of coherency and precision in language and thought and its necessity for both art and political freedom.

THE LEANING IVORY TOWER. By Warren Bennis (Jossey-Bass, $7.75)—A revealing, highly personal discussion of some of the problems that have beset universities and university administrators during the past few years, focusing largely on the State University of New York at Buffalo, but relevant to higher education throughout the United States.

UNCLE TOM'S CAMPUS. By Ann Jones (Praeger, $6.95)—An absorbing account of a white teacher's year at a small, exclusively black college in the South—certain to cause controversy because, for one thing, the author argues that institutions like the one she taught in should be closed.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY KARLA KUSKIN

When I was nine years old, seven of the nicest boys in the class liked me best on a scale of one to ten. When I was 13, nobody asked me to dance. Popularity is a mysterious business, and so is selling books. Sometimes quality and quantity sold do coincide; often they do not. Why a mediocre book becomes a best seller while an excellent one plummets to the bottom of the literary pond on the instant of publication, leaving not even a critical bubble, is a riddle fit for a sphinx. "Every generation is a secret society and has incommunicable enthusiasms, tastes, and interests which are a mystery both to its predecessors and to posterity," said John Jay Chapman, the nineteenth-century essayist and critic. Maybe within that quote lies an answer to what Samuel Johnson called "the wild vicissitudes of taste."

The three books reviewed here have, in their own ways, cracked the code of the public's tastes. *Babar Visits Another Planet* by Laurent de Brunhoff (Random House, $3.95) is the most recent in a series that has been delighting short crowds since the Thirties. *Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator* by Roald Dahl (Knopf, $3.95) is the sequel, if not the equal, of its celebrated predecessor *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (Knopf, $3.95). *The Velveteen Rabbit* by Margery Williams, illustrated by William Nicholson (Doubleday, $2.95), comes to the best-seller lists by a less direct route. It is an English book published half a century ago (although this fact is completely unacknowledged in the current Doubleday edition) and discovered in a leisurely fashion. At present it seems to be riding the crest of a recent wave of sentimental "philosophizing." Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* (Macmillan, $4.95; boxed, $7.50; Avon paperback, $1.50) is skimming that very wave, along with a few other semi-sophisticated "fairy tales." (*Seagull* has, in fact, now outsold *Gone With the Wind* in hardcover, and Avon has a first printing for its paperback edition of no less than 1,600,000 copies.)

When Laurent de Brunhoff took up his late father's business in 1946, it was not as it might be for you or me or the sons of B. Altman, because the de Brunhoff business was Babar, that urbane and exemplary elephant. Babar is 43, but he doesn't look it. He wears the same-size suit (he never did have a waist line), and he was gray to begin with, naturally. He, his family, Zephir the monkey, and the Old Lady have remained amazingly unchanged from their first adventure in *The Story*

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of Babar (1930, Random House, $1.95) to their current appearance in *Babar Visits Another Planet*. The world that provides a backdrop for their continuing saga has altered, the handwriting used in the early books has been replaced by type (it is not as attractive but is more legible for young eyes); and, oh yes, the author-illustrator has changed. When Laurent de Brunhoff picked up his father's pen, he also took over the paternal style. He has, since that time, written and illustrated 11 more *Babar* books. His father, Jean de Brunhoff, did six.

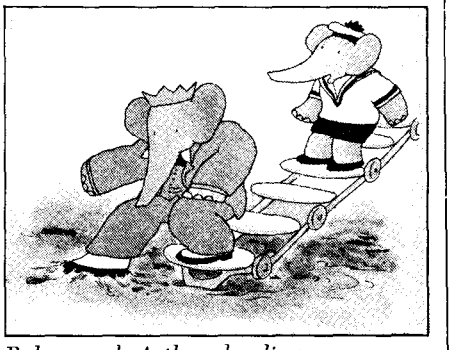
It cannot be easy to write and draw in another man's style, no matter how well you know it. M. de Brunhoff II is obviously talented, but his expression is a little like artistic ventriloquism. We admire books for their originality in saying something new or something old in a new way. Therefore I find it hard to look at this latest *Babar* completely without prejudice. Perhaps this is why, although the outward appearances are faithful to the original pattern, the spirit seems to be flagging. Due partly to differences in palette and reproduction (more modern but less interesting), the art is not as fresh and bright as in the early books. In those the overall design was less cluttered, and there was more of a stylish simplicity that is particularly European.

From the beginning the story line has dealt with pleasant details of bourgeois elephant life told in the present tense. It has been easy for children to understand, to identify with, and to laugh at. There are nice touches in *Babar Visits Another Planet*. A spread of the city held up by orange balloons and floating over the odd, sticky surface of the planet ("Maybe this planet is made of caramel," Arthur says) is gay and wonderfully detailed. There are the natives of this strange world who look surprisingly like pin-headed, curly-eared elephants. And there are, too, those literate flourishes that seem to be a *spécialité du maison* Brunhoff: "Babar would very much like to replace his lost shoe . . . but he is very disappointed. None of them are large enough for him. He decides to take off his remaining shoe, and walk about in his socks. 'It will be more elegant,' he says."

The story rambles too much, and many of the pictures are undistinguished. The bloom is gone, but after some 40 years and nearly 20 books why not? Perhaps Laurent de Brunhoff could let us hear his own voice in his next book, and Babar might be allowed to rest on his laurels, or whatever it is elephants rest on.

"The last time we saw Charlie, he was riding high above his hometown in the Great Glass Elevator." That was in *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, which ended precisely where Roald Dahl's new book begins. If you know that unusual child who has not read the first book about Charlie or *James and the Giant Peach* (Knopf, $3.95 each), which was Dahl's first book for children, put them in his hands. The momentum of those two wonderful and entertaining books will carry him happily through this new one until a better Dahl dawns.

Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator is divided into two parts that are related only by the presence of the Bucket-Wonka players, who appear in both. One section deals with a trip into space, a visit to the first American space hotel, and a confrontation with those slimy scourges of the universe,



Babar and Arthur landing on an unknown planet, from Babar Visits Another Planet

the Vermicious Knids. In a chapter titled "Something Nasty in the Elevators" (the Space Hotel elevators, that is), the Knids, who are able to twist themselves into whatever awful shapes they desire, spell out "SCRAM." Charlie and friends scram and vanquish the Knids on their way back to earth. Part two has to do with the medicinal wonders Willie Wonka has concocted. "Wonka-Vite" is a brilliant yellow pill that makes one younger. The more you take, the younger you get. "Vita-Wonk" is an oily, black liquid that ages the taker. Throughout the book clever ideas pop on and off like light bulbs, but Dahl seems to have mislaid his discrimination. Puns that cause severe pain cuddle up with genuinely charming nonsense. There is real wit, poor verse, and a kind of w. c. humor that children will probably enjoy but their parents probably will not.

Toward the end of the book Grandma Georgina achieves the overly ripe age of 358 from too much "Vita-Wonk." The antidote is 14 "Wonka-Vites." They are administered, and she falls into a stupor, snapping awake every so often to cry out something lively, then succumbing once more as she travels back to her original age. There is a similarity between her behavior and Dahl's. When he's awake, everything is engaging and lively, but there are arid stretches where he seems to have fallen off from sheer boredom.

The Velveteen Rabbit, or How Toys Become Real was first published in America in 1922. In 1958 it was reissued, and in 1969 *Publisher's Weekly* commented on "the renewal of interest (and so, in sales) in *The Velveteen Rabbit*." A priest in San Jose built a Christmas sermon around it, college bookstores couldn't keep it stocked, and *PW* added, " . . . we can thank the flower children for rediscovering it. Its theme of love is for all of us." It is 1973 and the flower children are going to seed, but *The Velveteen Rabbit* continues to sell very well.

William Nicholson was a noted painter, poster artist, and illustrator around the turn of the century. His illustrations for the *Velveteen Rabbit* are lovely; the color is textured and subtle. The size, layout, and art combine to draw the reader into this book. The story is another story. It concerns a toy rabbit, belonging to the "Boy," whose greatest wish is to be "Real." " 'What is REAL?' asked the rabbit one day. 'Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and a stick-out handle?' 'Real isn't how you are made,' said the Skin Horse. 'It's a thing that happens to you. When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real.' 'Does it hurt?' asked the Rabbit. 'Sometimes,' said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful. 'When you are Real you don't mind being hurt.' " Now if that's truthful, I'll eat my koala bear.

Rabbit and Boy become inseparable, and Boy tells Nana angrily that Rabbit is not just a toy; he is "real." Meaningful crescendo. Shortly after that Rabbit is left outside and has a run-in with two real (really real—you know, blood, fur, bone: real) rabbits who put him down for not having hind legs, among other accessories of reality. Rabbit is brought very low by this encounter. Then Boy gets scarlet fever and, when he pulls through, Doctor orders everything that might have germs (which are evidently also real) burned. That, of course, includes Rabbit. Waiting for his fate, he ponders: "Of what use was it to be loved and lose one's beauty and become Real if it all ended like this?" A tear falls from his eye, a flower springs up where the tear has fallen, and the "nursery magic fairy" steps out of the flower and clears everything up: "You were Real to the Boy, because he loved you. Now you shall be Real to everyone." They fly off, and "the fronds of the bracken shone like frosted silver." The fairy kisses Rabbit, and at last he is Real. I mean REAL.

The Velveteen Rabbit is not, in my

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opinion, a book for Real Children. In wide-eyed prose, using words like "bunchy" and "tickly," it aspires to Deep Meaning more appealing to adolescent philosophers than to the very young, who will find it confusing. Capital letters point up Significance and dress preciosity as profundity, in the style of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*'s greeting-card metaphysics. At times the tone of these two books is quite close, as the following from *Jonathan* may indicate: "You have to practice and see the real gull, the good in every one of them and to help them see it in themselves. That's what I mean by love. It's fun, when you get the knack of it." Out of the mouths of bunnies and gulls, some warmed-over Gibran. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

UNCLE TOM'S CAMPUS. By Ann Jones. 225 pages. Praeger. $6.95.

Teaching English at a small, exclusively black college in the South (it is pseudonymously called Thomas College in this book) was a job the author "accidentally" fell into simply because it was the only one she was offered. Her account of the year she spent there is angry and absorbing: considering what she had to overcome, as one of the two white women at a black college located in a racist community, it is remarkable that she lasted a year. The book is also a no-holds-barred indictment of institutions like Thomas College, which, the author believes, insidiously foster a slave mentality in their students and offer them an "education" that in fact simply trains them for menial jobs. "A four-year curriculum offered by the home economics department in Vocational Nursing and Home Economics Management [is] designed to prepare for 'positions in hospitals and homes.' In other words, after four years of study in this program, the graduate may become a practical nurse or a housemaid." The examples of administrative mismanagement and inefficiency are appalling, and the administrators' attempts —which Jones says are deliberate—to confuse and intimidate the students are even worse. The incoming students are given batteries of tests, even though the administrators know that, given the poor academic background of most of the students, hardly anyone will pass the exams. Failure is evidently irrelevant, however, because "many of the tests administered to the new students apparently *had* no purpose, for their results were not used in placement or evaluation and in some cases were not even tabulated until months after the tests had been given." This book is certain to cause controversy for a number of reasons, not the least of which is Jones's argument that unless institutions like Thomas can commit themselves to fundamental changes, they should simply be closed. Education at Thomas, she feels, is *not* better than none at all.

REUNION: Twenty-five Years Out of School. By Robert Douglas Mead. 290 pages. Saturday Review Press. $7.95.

In the summer of 1971 the class of 1946 of Evanston Township High School in Illinois held a reunion, a dreary-sounding affair that inspired Robert Douglas Mead, a member of the class, to try to discover something about the present lives and values of the first generation to mature after World War II. What he found is both predictable and depressing, not because of the personalities involved but because of the character evoked of Evanston itself and the author's bland assumption that in some way this bedroom town just north of Chicago "is" America, or at least what America has wanted to be: "Evanston, twenty-five years ago, was already what the nation at large aspired to be." Evanston 25 years ago sounds as eerily remote as an Andy Hardy movie—a calm world of green lawns and well-kept lives, where everybody is "nice." Reading this book, one longs to hear about a relative screaming in the attic, about some mystery and vitality—but if those exist, Mead doesn't tell about them. Twenty-five years don't seem to have changed Evanston or the class much. Blacks are now socially acceptable and drugs are a new concern for parents, but the solid values Mead finds generally remain the same: duty to one's family, a belief in hard work, devotion to privacy. The people Mead interviewed felt "remarkably unthreatened at either the public or personal level," although they did hate the war. "Nor [are] we . . . as a group much concerned about money or personal achievement." And so on. Were Mead's interviewing techniques unable to elicit any more than this sort of thing, or did everybody just clam up? Evanston sounds a little like a ghost town in this report and members of the class of '46 deserving of the epithet that has conventionally described them: silent. □

Answer to **Wit Twister**, page 66: slated, lasted, deltas, staled, salted.

Answer to **Literary Crypt**, page 66: *One good thing about having one suit of clothes—you've always got your pencil.*

Hubbard

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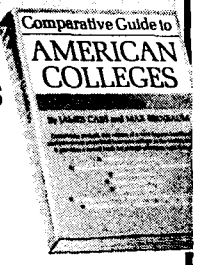

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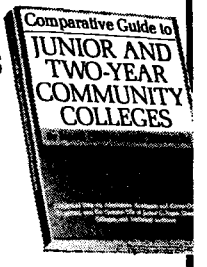

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MUSIC

Boulez and the Philadelphians; Caballé as Norma

BY IRVING KOLODIN

On a night when István Kertész was conducting the Cleveland Orchestra at Carnegie Hall with Daniel Barenboim as piano soloist and when Montserrat Caballé was performing in Bellini's *Norma* at the Metropolitan for the first time in America, the focus of musical attention, for some, was elsewhere. That was at Philharmonic Hall, where Pierre Boulez and the Philadelphia Orchestra, neither a stranger to fame, were making their initial appearance in New York together.

Such a meeting of paragons may result either in triumph or in disaster. But even before a note was played, the air was redolent of the sweet smell of success. On his entrance Boulez showed himself to be as considerate a guest as he is a host. Though he prefers, with his own orchestra, to do his work in a tailless jacket, he observed the more formal convention of Philadelphia, even unto white tie.

The tailoring went further, however, to the program itself. This was not "all" any nationality, but it was emphatically all-Boulez. Furthermore, it was all-Philadelphia. The French tradition of wind playing (woodwinds especially) is now well into its second generation in this orchestra, and the affinity between leader and led was akin to milk and honey or, more potently, B and B.

The tone of the evening was set by the opening *Jeux*, which is not one of Debussy's strongest scores. It is, nevertheless, one of his most subtle, exploiting—as of 1912—the knowledge gained through the *Nocturnes*, *Images*, *La Mer*, and the rest. The sound Boulez evoked was lighter, more transparent than is this superb ensemble's norm. But it was also more lustrous, vibrant, iridescent, than is commonly associated with him. In other words, in the best tradition of love matches, the offspring was not wholly like either, but a credit to both.

This was even more profoundly apparent in Ravel's setting of three poems by Tristan Leclère (or Tristan Klingsor, as he preferred to call himself) under the title of *Shéhérazade*. For all its popularity, the work remains an event almost anytime it appears on a symphony orchestra program. Its requirements are so special that few aspirants can match the standards of such specialists as Maggie Teyte, Suzanne Danco, Jeannine Micheau, Jennie Tourel, or Régine Crespin.

Heather Harper, born in Dublin and first trained as a pianist, added something to the *Shéhérazade* lore with a revelation of content that was both intense and refined, vocally full-blooded yet temperamentally exquisite.

If there was a melancholy tinge to these performances, and those of Webern's *Six Pieces*, Berg's *Altenberg-lieder*, and Bartók's *Miraculous Mandarin* that followed, it stemmed from the realization that, because of conflicting contracts, there could not be a recorded parallel to this unparalleled experience. Candor also compels the comment that of all the guests the Philadelphia Orchestra's management has entertained in this period of Eugene Ormandy's illustrious career, none has shown clearer qualifications for being his successor than Pierre Boulez.

The Metropolitan's newest Norma in Bellini's masterpiece is Montserrat Caballé, and a worthy one she is. It was reasonable to expect that a singer of her vocal fluency would find Bellini's florid line congenial to her. What is unexpected is the serious effort she has expended to make something equally credible of her characterization.

Impersonators of Norma are celebrated for their unlikeness to one another, as mention of such famous ones as Lilli Lehmann, Rosa Ponselle, Gina Cigna, Zinka Milanov, Maria Callas, and Joan Sutherland may suggest. Miss Caballé's place in this company is earned not only by some ethereally beautiful singing but also by her disposition to the mother rather than the priestess in Norma's nature. One might say that is so because she has been a mother, though not a priestess, but it is much more a matter of artistic disposition than of natural selection.

Caballé as the Druid priestess

In any case, the final scene in which Norma begs the Druid priest Oroveso to look after the children she has borne by the faithless Pollione was the dramatic high point it should be rather than the anticlimax it too often is. Miss Caballé's anguished expression of *"Deh! non volerli vittime"* was so affecting that Oroveso's answer *"Oppresso è il core"* ("My heart is broken" is one translation) was the only possible response.

Miss Caballé's "Casta Diva" in Act I was beautifully plastic, if a little placid, her portion of the duets with that excellent Adalgisa, Fiorenza Cossotto, not merely effortless in enunciation of difficulties, but all gloss and smoothness tonally. Miss Caballé's challenge remains to bring her mastery of the dramatic recitative to the level she achieves in the arias and duets. They were light in weight and insecure in pitch.

Carlo Cossutta's debut as Pollione was altogether professional, a tribute to a healthy tenor sound under secure control. Its baritonal lower range is more easily produced than its brighter top, but Pollione is a role that can use what Cossutta has in most generous supply. Against the mother image projected by Caballé, his amorous rapport with the youthfully exciting Adalgisa of Cossotto made for a greater dramatic conflict than *Norma* customarily has.

Giorgio Tozzi made much of his first opportunity with Oroveso, although it is, ideally, a part for a true bass rather than a bass-baritone. However, the drama of his address to the Druid priests gave a lift to Act I, as his instinctive humanity lent conviction to his response to Norma in the final scene. Carlo Felice Cillario's conducting of this great choral ensemble, which opened a whole new chapter of Italian opera, climaxed an introductory effort of the skill associated with his work elsewhere. □

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FILM

Facing Reality

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

Almost since the day of its invention, the movie camera has been drawn in two directions. On the one hand, it excited attention by its ability to capture the real world in motion—"truth at 24 frames per second," as Jean-Luc Godard once put it. Early audiences were attracted by such simple novelties as locomotives pounding down the track, horsemen passing in parade, or waves breaking on the shore. On the other hand, these edifying views were soon being supplemented by little scenes specifically created for the camera—conjuring tricks, children's stories, moments from history. Within a decade the enacted film, with its stories, sets, and costumed actors, had virtually supplanted the so-called interest films.

Yet the appeal of reality, the need for a sense of reality, remained strong—the need to find ways of imparting the illusion of authenticity to what is essentially fictional or contrived material. In the case of a movie that is based on fact, such as Robert Bolt's new *Lady Caroline Lamb*, one feels that not only Bolt himself but art director Carmen Dillon, costume designer David Walker, even the hairdresser, Bobbie Smith, must have spent weeks and months in libraries and museums, poring over documentation of early nineteenth-century England. At the very least, no effort or expense has been spared in getting the accouterments of history down pat.

All too often, however, in these careful reconstructions of the past, the authenticity of background is belied by the characters in the foreground. And, as the cigarette commercial once reminded us, it's what's up front that counts. To be sure, we have traveled a long way from those halcyon days when Don Ameche invented the telephone or Tyrone Power excavated the Suez Canal. Even so, we are apt to view the personages of history through the distorted lens of our own time. And in *Lady Caroline Lamb* the result is disastrous. No matter what we may have read about Romanticism, with its headstrong, vaporous ladies who gave their all for Art and Love, when we meet Lady Caroline today, our first instinct is to apply a paddle to her shapely *derrière*. Here is a woman, spoiled rotten by her aristocratic family and pampered by her indulgent, aristocratic husband, who impetuously flings herself into the not unreluctant arms of the impecunious Lord Byron. Nine months later, history tells us, he abandoned her—whereupon, the movie tells us, she went into a decline and died of a broken heart. Actually, Lady Caroline survived her ordeal and went on to write three second-rate novels, one of them a thinly disguised account of her affair with the poet.

The point is that, for all of his research, in the interest of creating a properly romantic heroine, Bolt chose to emphasize everything that made her a romantic but nothing that made her heroic. And Sarah Miles, in the title role, offers us a woman who is exasperatingly self-willed and self-indulgent but totally lacking in any qualities of character or intelligence that might compel our admiration. Byron, apart from his poetic gifts, was a somewhat corpulent, club-footed womanizer; Richard Chamberlain, however, makes him a slender, handsome, cruel, and imperious lover. Chamberlain is superb, but he isn't Byron—any more than Sarah Miles can convince us that she might one day sit down and write novels. Ralph Richardson, in a brief appearance, is a marvelously indecisive King George, Jon Finch is impressively stoic and solicitous as Lady Caroline's hard-pressed husband, and Margaret Leighton offers an effectively chilly, conniving mother-in-law. It is odd that, in pictures of this sort, the minor characters often come through as the most authentic. By today's standards, though, it is difficult to care one whit about Lady Caroline Lamb. And, for all this film's splendid production values, if you can't care about Lady Caroline Lamb, how can you care about *Lady Caroline Lamb*?

The documentary tradition has its own problems of course. Ideally, perhaps, the best documentary would consist of raw, unedited footage just as it comes from the camera; but then, as Norman Corwin once observed, "the whole world is made up of unedited reality." And so the basic problem of the documentary filmmaker becomes identical with that of his fiction confreres—to impart the illusion of authenticity.

Wattstax, the filmic record of a rock concert given in Los Angeles last August, succeeds in doing this to a commendable degree, but it also does more. Stax Records, which features a fairly good lineup of black talent on its label, elected to sponsor an all-day session of its artists for the benefit of Los An-

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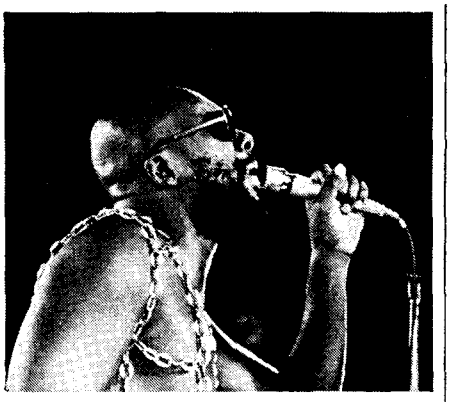

Isaac "Black Moses" Hayes

geles's black community. (Tickets went at a bargain $1 each.) David L. Wolper, best known for his television documentaries, though also responsible for the recent *Hellstrom Chronicle* and the forthcoming film about the 1972 Olympic Games, decided to film this one-time happening and assigned to it his top director, Mel Stuart. Stuart, with an insight that surpasseth understanding, realized that one more film record of a rock concert was precisely what the American public didn't need. Instead, in *Wattstax* he used each of the numbers—blues, hymns, hard rock—as an excuse, a pretext to move out into the black community of Watts to elicit commentary from the street people on the substance of the songs.

The result is a film of incredible vitality, pertinence, and humor. Yes, humor! The performers include such well-established entertainers as the Staple Singers, the Rance Allen Group, Rufus Thomas, and Isaac Hayes; but beyond their contributions are the wry, cutting, cogent—and largely unprintable—observations by blacks in bars, on street corners, in barber shops and beauty parlors, concerning virtually every aspect of the white world that impinges on their lives. There is less anger than one might expect but also far more penetration. Richard Pryor, who appeared memorably as Billie Holiday's piano player in *Lady Sings the Blues,* is side-splittingly funny and at the same time tremendously sobering as he comments in a Watts bar upon the realities of the black experience. Not all the black spokesmen are so eloquent or so humorous, but under Stuart's direction—which is less a matter of directing than of sensitive, judicious editing—each adds his own testament. The result is a film that entertains greatly, because the performers are great entertainers. But it also informs greatly, because the black spokesmen have a great deal to inform us about. Not coincidentally, most of the crew on this extraordinary document was black. Every bit of authenticity helps. □

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Rent-Free Vacations. Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

Members Exchange Homes for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10003.

Teachers' Vacation Exchange—Listings available teacher homes California, New York. Dept. A, P.O. Box 4427, Pasadena, California 91106.

For Rent-Free Vacations join our home vacation exchanges. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

Home Exchange. Professional educators exclusively. Write FACULTY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU, P.O. Box 274, St. Louis, Missouri 63166.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

FURNISHED/UNFURNISHED

Ithaca, N.Y. *Walk to Cornell campus for lectures,* concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED

Costa Del Sol, Spain—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, terrace. 212-CI 7-6634.

FOR RENT—UNFURNISHED

Columbia County, N.Y.—Deluxe 1-bedroom apartments, in rural setting. Adults. SR Box K-155.

FOR SUMMER RENTAL

Southampton, Long Island, N.Y.—Waterfront apartments. $1,200 season. 516-283-4347.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

FURNISHED

5th Avenue And 61st Street, NYC. At $295,000 (price just reduced) it's a bargain. On the 40th floor of the Pierre Hotel, with sweeping views of the Park and the City.

Magnificently Furnished. *Exquisite details throughout;* marble floors and baths. Custom stereo system and variable custom lighting throughout.

Large Living Room, dining room or library, corner master bedroom, 2 fully equipped kitchens, powder room, bath. A sauna. Maintenance $1,350 monthly. Brokers protected. SEEING IT IS UNFORGETTABLE.

Wm. A White & Sons, Lillian Ross, 51 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. Tel. 212-682-7559 or 4515.

LAND FOR SALE

Mt. Snow, Vermont—One wooded acre five minutes from slopes. Private sale. $5,600. 802-464-8817.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

One Of The Most Unusual And Spectacular homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining doom with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

The Pool is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A Recessed Lighted Tennis Court with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

There Is Also A Small House consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

There Are 17 Acres which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate in which the owner's investment is $585,000. The asking price is $495,000. Liberal financing is available.

ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

Northern Vermont Real Estate. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

Westhampton Beach, Long Island—Prime location. Exquisite oceanfront property—220' on ocean. Thickly landscaped for complete privacy. High dune with beautiful view. $150,000. Jean Carbone, Real Estate Broker, 516-653-4197.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

California's Gold Coast—*Del Mar—surf view acreage.* 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Men—Women! Fill out income tax forms at home in own business. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Home Training School, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

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SAILING

Sailboat Rentals, instruction. Brochure from Stokes, RR 3, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.

CAMPS

Ozark School For Riders 9-16. Run by college teachers. Three week sessions, June-August. $290. Reservation deadline May 1st. Dr. Joanna Courteau, Huxley, Iowa 50124.

Explorers' Caravan—*Unusual outdoor program for 20* teenage youths—emphasis on ADVENTURE. Expert and experienced staff. Coed. Choice of 4 weeks, 5 weeks, 8 weeks. 26th year. Dr. R. S. Stultz, Director, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078. 315-469-1088.

The Hague Summer Music Center offers music, sightseeing, sports, international atmosphere. Total beginners and advanced players. Coed 9-16. Haagsestraat-38, 's-Gravenhage, Holland.

Seventeen Or Entering Twelfth Grade? The Farm and Wilderness Foundation offers places in counselor apprentice groups. Learn leadership skills, what makes people tick. Accept challenge of rugged work, wilderness trips, self-understanding. Varied summer under Quaker leadership.

Between Eleven And Fifteen. Three offbeat small *camps:*

Saltash Mountain, forty boys. Pioneering, lumberjack sports, extensive hiking and canoe trips.

Dark Meadow, forty girls. Ecologically sound way of *life. Tipis, creative cooking. Superb mountain lake.* Hiking, canoe trips.

Flying Cloud, forty boys. Live like Indians, recreating rugged, age-old culture. Learn subsistence living. Swim, canoe, hike in unspoiled mountain wilderness. John S. Hunter, Farm and Wilderness Foundation, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

Les Chalets Francais, Deer Isle, Maine. Where *French is fun! Girls 5-18; outstanding staff and fa*cilities. Specialize in FRENCH, riding, creative arts and music, tennis, swimming and sailing on Penobscot Bay. Miss Charlotte Casgrain, Cedar Cliff Road, Riverside, Connecticut 06878.

Join A Marine Archaeological Expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship. *Brochure:* UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

Theatre Summer. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College. Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

Survival—Yellowstone. *Self-confidence, not con*formity. Coed 14 up. 4 weeks. Rolf Olson, 520 South Black (S), Bozeman, Montana 59715.

Drama, Musical Comedy, Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, Sports. Nation's foremost summer training center, featured article in N.Y. Times —on Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational. 10-18, 8 weeks, $1,195. Beginners Showcase Arts Center, *Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021.* 212-249-9288.

Invitation To Adventure Inc. Wilderness Trip Camp. Program for boys 10 to 16. 3 or 5 weeks. Canoe trips Maine to Canada. Mountain hiking, rock climbing. Canadian bicycle trip. A.C.A. accredited. Kenneth Walker, Box 296-S, Wilton, Connecticut 06897. 203-762-7911.

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CAMPS

Learning A Language At Camp is fun. Living the language abroad is exciting. If you're 14, 15 or 16, you can study French or Spanish at camp, then travel to Canada, France, Switzerland, Mexico, or Spain, live with a native family, travel with new friends and use the language daily. Interested? Write: Summer Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346.

Arizona Ranch Camp. Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 44th year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

Holiday In French. Small, coed, teenage, bilingual. Canoe Island Camps, Box 185, Eastsound, Washington 98245.

D-Arrow Wilderness Trip Camp—55 Boys (11-17), 5 groups, 46 days. 22 Girls (13-17), 2 groups, 39 days. Lake, White Water river canoe trips, wilderness areas Maine and Quebec. Survival, Ecology, Quaker leadership. A.C.A. accredited. George S. Darrow, 780 Milibrook, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

Ideal For First Time Campers: Appel Farm Arts & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

Experiences That Build—7½ weeks. Towering Pines for boys. Woodland for girls. Eagle River, Wisconsin. J. M. Jordan, 242 Bristol, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

Camp Consultants: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, Dept. S, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

Kiniya—a camp for girls 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

High/Scope—Arts, science. Unusual opportunity for thinking teenagers to express abilities in responsive group. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

Cape Cod Sea Camps. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 52nd season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

I Cycle: Biking, hiking tours. Peter Otten, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673. 802-496-2237.

Adventurers' Camp For Boys. Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin. Full or half season. Canoe, backpack and sailing trips. Tennis, riflery, riding.

Adventure North, Dryden, Ontario, high school age, five weeks. Remote community stressing self-reliance, leadership. Trips, rock climbing, logging, construction. Brochures: Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

Judgment Ridge—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont Mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($200 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, gardening, construction. Individualized programs. A.C.A. approved. 100 camper limit: main camp. Small, affiliated specialized camps in wilderness and riding nearby. No poison ivy. RN resident. $750, $400 half season. Ingham, Vershire, Vermont 05079.

Backpacking, Climbing, Rafting, Photography—Sierras, Wyoming, Oregon: Ages 14-17, coed. TIMBERLINES, Forest Farms, Box R, Forest Knolls, California 94933.

Brown Ledge—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

RETIREMENT LIVING

Retirement Living At Its Finest at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

Claremont's 90th Season—June 23rd-Labor Day. Cottages (European Plan):-June 1st-October 15th. Brochure and 1973 rate sheet available. Claremont Hotel & Cottages, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636. Before May 15th: Box 216, Yarmouth, Maine 04096. 207-846-5387.

Yacht Charters By Nicholson. 22 years of providing superb yachts and crews, plus an uncanny ability to anticipate your personal requirements. Contact V.E.B. Nicholson & Sons for Caribbean charters. Box 103, St. Johns, Antigua, W.I. Tel. St. John's 20439.

David's Folly. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

Patagonia Ranch Hideway. Superb scenery . . . sun . . . air . . . for riding, swimming, tennis, birding. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

A.W.E. An Experience In The Wilderness. Every year A.W.E. runs wilderness horsepack and river trips. Small trips. Never more than 16 people. Run in a well-guided, personal and unpampered way. Plenty of time for exploring and relaxing. Come with us to live the joy and excitement of the Arizona, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming Wilderness. Six- to eleven-day trips, April-September. For FREE brochure/schedule, write: American Wilderness Experience, Inc., Box 1108S, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

Whaler's Inne, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons, $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

3-Bedroom Ranch on lake near coast. Perry, Maine. Alice Otis, Quoque, N.Y. 11959. 516-653-4186.

Hotel On Small Island—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

Windjammer Vacation—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $150 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

Relaxed Island Tropadise. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

Parador Martorell, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 384, Luquillo, P.R.

Western Ranch in beautiful setting. Great riding, fishing, family fun. Small, congenial. The Boyer Ranch, Savery, Wyoming 82332.

Tiki Cottage—Sanibel Island, Florida. Private, Gulf beach. Shelling, fishing. Brochure. 516-621-3252, SR Box I-379.

Barbados—6 room bungalow on beach. 3 bedrooms. April occupancy. Write Tuckwell, Church Point, St. James.

Caribbean Sea: Superb offshore reefs, snorkling, other activities. Economical efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

San Francisco On A Budget? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco, 94102.

Jewel Box Elegance, Lighthouse Inn, 52-room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E. P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

Bitterroot Ranch high in remote, beautiful Rockies. Welcomes families loving horses, wildlife, fishing, unspoiled nature. Only 25 guests. Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

The Seaside, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

VACATIONS

Horses, Horses—Unique summer program of riding and seminar study with leading horsemen. Write now. Summer '73, Prescott College, Prescott, Arizona 86301.

Western Adventure on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

Tobago Cottages—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

Goose Cove Lodge on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Extra emphasis on ecology in June. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

Puerto Rico—Beachfront house, weekly. Corro Gordo. DeCastro, M-251 Bayamon 00619.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

Summer Workshops in Music, Theatre, Studio Arts—Graduate credits. Classes in beautiful northern Minnesota. Contact: Summer Arts Study Center, University of Minnesota, 1128 La Salle, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403.

Lively Deepthink In A Lovely Forest—Drew University's Summer Symposia '73. Adult individuals, couples, and families (late teens and up)—combine one week holiday near New York City with stimulating, intellectual experience on beautiful campus. Get involved in: the paradox and irony of modern art, philosophy and the quality of human life, games politicos play, films and reality, history's utopias, or genetics and human affairs from June 24th-30th. Look at individual vs collective social responsibility and the archaeological effort to find out who we are, or mythic woman and real women from July 15th-21st. Enjoy nature trails, tennis, swimming, special evening events, all air-conditioned campus facilities. Total cost with meals and lodging $175. N.J. Shakespeare Festival on campus also. Contact: Dean John McCall, Drew University, Madison, N.J. 07940, 201-377-3000, Ext. 353.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

Germany — France — Spain — England. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

Vacation Art Workshop, Florence—For students under 30. Painting, Sculpture, Jewelry, Bookbinding, Etching, Photography, Artistic Weaving, Art History. 5 weeks. Write Florence Student Travel Service, Via Guicciardini 13, Florence, Italy (airmail only).

Lesley Frost is accepting applicants for her Escuela-Pension de la Tahona in Spain. Write for brochure. Box K-130.

Italy. Courses in art, Italian, music, etc., in unique renaissance town. Tours: Rome, Florence. Sessions: July/August. Tuition: $295. IILA, Chicago Conservatory College, 410 South Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

University of Minnesota German Language Study Program, Ruhr-Universitat, Bochum, Germany, July 23rd-August 24th. Graduate and undergraduate study. 12 quarter-hours of credit. Tuition and course fees, $225. Room and board, $215. Arrange own transportation. Write: Summer Session, University of Minnesota, 7309 Johnston Hall, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455.

Join Time-Tested language-travel Programs, based in Vienna or Strasbourg. 14th consecutive German, 7th French Summer Schools. June 20th-September 4th. Write: College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

London Theatre And Dance. July 1973. Two courses featuring shows, master classes, celebrity lectures. Four hours credit. Write: ETSP, Theatre Department, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, 75222.

Rome, Italy. Fourth consecutive summer. Stimulating faculty, diversified curriculum including Etruscan archaeology. $765. June 18th-July 22nd. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

Mallorca—6 week seminars; excursions, creative workshops. Accommodations. Brochure: SR Box J-961.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

Study Environmental Planning in England and Scotland. July 3rd-28th. Countryside planning, new towns, transportation, the problems of cities, methods of regional planning. Write Dept. SRJ, London/Edinburgh Program, University Extension, University of California, Berkeley, 94720.

College Humanities Consortium: Europe June 18th-July 19th, 1973. Credit: Art, Humanities, History. $870. White Box 6597, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

Summer In Greece: The Athens Centre for Creative Arts. Music, archaeology, painting, poetry, literature, theatre; seminars, workshops and festivals. Sea and sun in Athens and the islands. June or July. Tuition $350. Write: The Athens Centre, Philadelphia Music Academy, 313 South Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19017.

The Theatre-Lover's Fortnight '73. July 2nd-16th, $295. New Residence Hall, London University, single room, meals. Tuition and lectures. Plays. Chichester and Stratford Drama Festivals. Air fare $200. Symposium Seminars Abroad. Director: Edith Wegman, *714 Park Towne West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania* 19130.

Spain-Barcelona. Accredited program in English and Spanish. June 25th-August 3rd. Write Professor Modesto M. Diaz, California State University, Fullerton, 92634.

Summer Programs In Provence—French Language and Literature, Avignon, June 17th-July 28th. Contemporary French Drama, Avignon, July 11th-31st. Music in Provence, Aix-en-Provence, June 16th-July 27th. European Civilization and Politics, Aix-en-Provence, June 18th-July 27th. *Art in Provence*, Avignon, July 16th-August 26th. Institute for American Universities, 27 place de l'Universite, 13625—Aix-en-Provence, France. Also British Studies in Canterbury.

British Broadcasting—London seminar, July 23rd-August 24th. Six hours graduate and senior credit. School of Communications and Theatre, Temple University, Philadelphia, 19122.

Studio Art Center Of Tuscany—July 1st-August 25th. 8 weeks of Art. 20 minutes from Florence in the Tuscan Hills. Total fee including air travel, instruction, room and board, only $1,500 (monthly enrollment available). Studio Center, 377 Park Avenue South, NYC, 10016. 212-689-1980.

5-Week Summer Study Program in Greece-1973. July 16th-August 17th. Ancient Greek Civilization. Write for Brochure: Athenian College for Green Studies, P.O. Box 1312, Evanston, Illinois 60204. 312-866-7550.

Students! A 6-week European Travel-Study Program in Italy and Spain. In conjunction with The American College of Rome. Write: International Humanities Programs, Box 236, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. Call 516-541-7431.

London. Act at RADA. Other fascinating British summer courses, too. BSTC, 80 5th Avenue, NYC, 10011.

Comparative Education Seminar on SCANDINAVIA. June 25th-July 19th. Cultural visits and classes throughout Norway, Denmark, Sweden. 6 credit hours. Dr. Stewart Fraser, International Center, George Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

International Seminar—Egypt, Italy, Greece, Greek Islands. June 11th-July 13th. Six hours graduate and selected undergraduate credit. Tuition, room and half board approximately $1,750. Write Dr. Robert Vanden *Branden, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.*

STUDIES ABROAD

Heidelberg-Berlin-Paris-Madrid-London. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year and summer programs. American credit system. Also special programs: music, theatre, fine arts, religion, international business administration, international relations. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Ingersheim, Germany.

Educational Vacations 1973. Don't settle—select! Complete guide to 500 courses world-wide. $4.95 postpaid. GALE, 701 Book Tower, Detroit, 48226.

Photographic Arts In Denmark—Photography and *cinema in a Fine Arts program at KYO Castle in* north Jutland. The accredited Limfjord College has openings for '73 semesters. Write: Box 408, Amstelveen, Holland International Administration office.

STUDIES ABROAD

Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania—Choate Educational safari for teenagers, summer 1973. SR Box J-931.

"American Education In Swiss Tranquillity"—American College of Switzerland, B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

Spain? A true living-learning experience. Full University accreditation, American direction, Spanish teaching staff. Spanish language, literature, history, civilization, art, theatre and philosophy. Students live with Spanish families in small city within easy commuting distance from Madrid. Skiing, horseback riding, trout fishing, etc. For information, write Dr. Hugh A. Harter, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio 43015, or phone: 614-369-4431, Ext. 210.

Liberal Arts In Rome. Temple University's College of Liberal Arts offers full credit courses at its Rome campus for the academic year '73-'74. Courses offered: Anthropology, Archaeology, Baroque Art and *Literature, Film and Filmmaking, History,* Independent Studies, Italian Folklore, Italian Language and Literature, Philosophy, Political Science, Renaissance Art and Literature and Urban Studies. Contact: Temple Abroad, Mr. Dennis L. Tarr, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122. 215-787-8441.

Study Programs In France—French and all Fine Arts. Programs include: Academic Year, January Interim, Summer in France, Christmas in Paris and London. PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Columbus International College of Spain—A 2-year American liberal arts University in Seville. Freshman-sophomore curriculum, American faculty, dormitory boarding, Fall-Spring semesters. Write: Columbus International College. Avda Victoria, 43, Seville, Spain.

Study At Sea. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

Hacienda El Cobano. The University of Oklahoma's Study Center, Colima, Mexico, offers credit and non-credit programs for 1973.

Spanish: High school, adult and college level.

Workshops: High School Art Workshop. Watercolor Painting, Archaeology, Ornithology, Human Relations, Creative Writing, Mexican Investment and other programs as requested. Dr. Richard Hancock, 555 East Constitution Avenue, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

Europe—Tours, Summer Sessions at European Universities, Studies Abroad. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

Fleming College, Florence—American, two-year coeducational, A.A. degree-granting college offers courses in languages, fine arts, drama, film, English, literature, math, science, history and government. Based in Florence, Italy. Outstanding faculty. Residence on or off campus. Research trips, two-week stay in European homes, and exploration of Italy give an international dimension to all studies. Incorporates interim, pre-college year offering concentration in any of above areas. Contact: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021.

Learn Spanish In Mexico. If you really want to learn Spanish intensively and economically, start any Monday at CIDOC. For catalogue on language school and de-schooled academy, write: CIDOC, *Apdo. 479, Cuernavaca, Mexico.*

Praestegaard Film-Video-Photography—A school/workshop/community with complete working and living facilities. Write: David Nelson, Director, PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

U.S. College-Sponsored Programs Abroad: Academic Year describes 450 study programs in 43 countries for U.S. college credit. Send $3.50 to IIE, 809 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Oxford—Semester and summer programs for American credits. Warnborough House, Oxford, OX2, 6JA, England.

TRAVEL

Solar Eclipse! All inclusive tour to the heart of the Sahara to view the longest Eclipse in this century. Including all meals, accommodations, tents at the site, flights to Dakar, Gao, Timbuctu. Land rovers to Tassilit. Return via Abidjan. 17 days, $1,498 per *person. Depart June 19th, return July 6th. For infor*mation, write African Explorers, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859 or phone: (N.Y.) 212-356-3434, (N.J.) 201-721-2929.

Summer '73—Camping, hosteling, backpacking teenager trips in Europe. Travel by bicycle, horse or kayak in small groups. Brochure available. Freewheel Express Ltd., 11 Waverly Place, NYC, 10003. 212-674-1240.

Amazon Safari Club, RD 1, Elverson, Pennsylvania 19520, offers two week, affordable safaris, Summer 1973. Unconventional adventure in world's largest primitive jungle.

Russia/Scandinavia—5 weeks, $387. Also Europe, Africa, India. Camp with small, international groups ages 18-30. London departures. Write: WHOLEEARTH, Box 1497, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

This Ad + $8.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$12.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

Worldwide Freighter Guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, *40-21ZE Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.*

San Francisco on $5.00 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for spring. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-474-6200.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2030

DEFINITIONS

A. Bill Haley and the Comets' teen hit of the Fifties (4 wds.)

B. Obstruction

C. Not pretty

D. Stop hedging! (4 wds.)

E. So long (Spanish; 3 wds.)

F. City in S.E. England near London (2 wds.)

G. Make an appearance (3 wds.)

H. Helpful in keeping score (2 wds.)

I. Othello's gift to Desdemona, which proved to be her undoing

J. English poet, best known for his poem *Cynara* (2 wds.)

WORDS

25 47 16 117 89 75 176 237 166 131 70
99 65 56 186 206 168 226
71 57 15 134 76 191 48 91 141
62 174 230 72 33 79 123 49 93 18 178
200 77 80 96 26 175 209 143 159 58 34
231 179
97 63 19 192 132 160 165 66 100 39 233
169
67 161 50 40 234 187 31
59 214 41 239 81 20 193 85 95 51 27
98
42 183 170 9 162 52 240 60 157 86
87 53 68 203 28 185 83 35 43 163 235
207
195 190 78 44 90 69 232 21 213 54 217
182

DEFINITIONS

K. Difficult to control

L. Got the better of (2 wds.)

M. Examine (2 wds.)

N. Give away (2 wds.)

O. With regard to (3 wds.)

P. Hero of a drama by Clyde Fitch (2 wds.)

Q. Fellow (slang)

R. Openly ignored (3 wds.)

S. Large, four-wheeled Russian carriage

T. Clearly demonstrative

U. None (3 wds.)

V. *Such an ———, sir, is not in nature* (Samuel Johnson; 3 wds.)

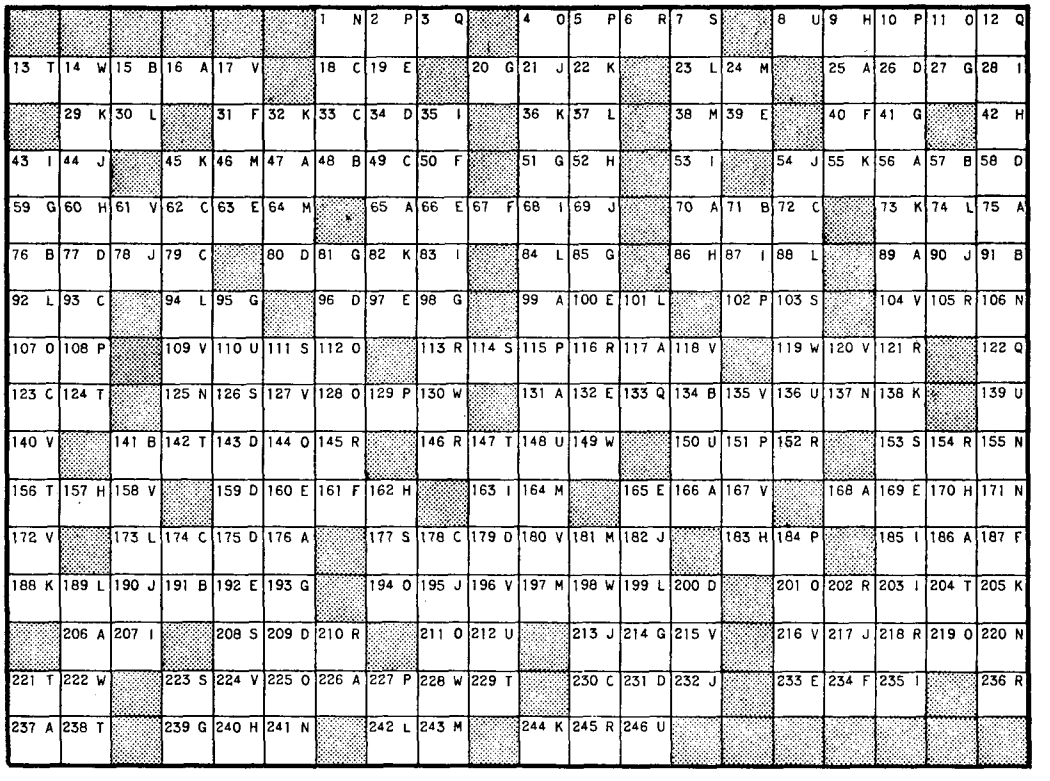
W. Standing

WORDS

205 29 138 188 32 244 73 22 36 55 82
45
92 74 23 101 94 30 84 37 173 189 199
88 242
64 24 181 197 38 164 46 243
171 106 1 125 155 241 137 220
211 107 144 11 219 194 128 225 112 201 4
129 102 108 2 115 184 151 5 10 227
12 3 133 122
218 152 6 121 146 245 113 236 105 210 116
154 202 145
223 126 114 177 103 208 111 7 153
147 221 238 124 156 229 13 142 204
212 139 150 8 148 110 136 246
104 61 196 17 118 158 215 140 172 109 120
216 224 167 180 127 135
222 130 14 228 198 119 149

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.



Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 66.

BRAND-NEW DOUBLE-CROSTICS, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED, ARE NOW AVAILABLE IN BOOK FORM, SPIRAL-BOUND, FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER OR SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS, 380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

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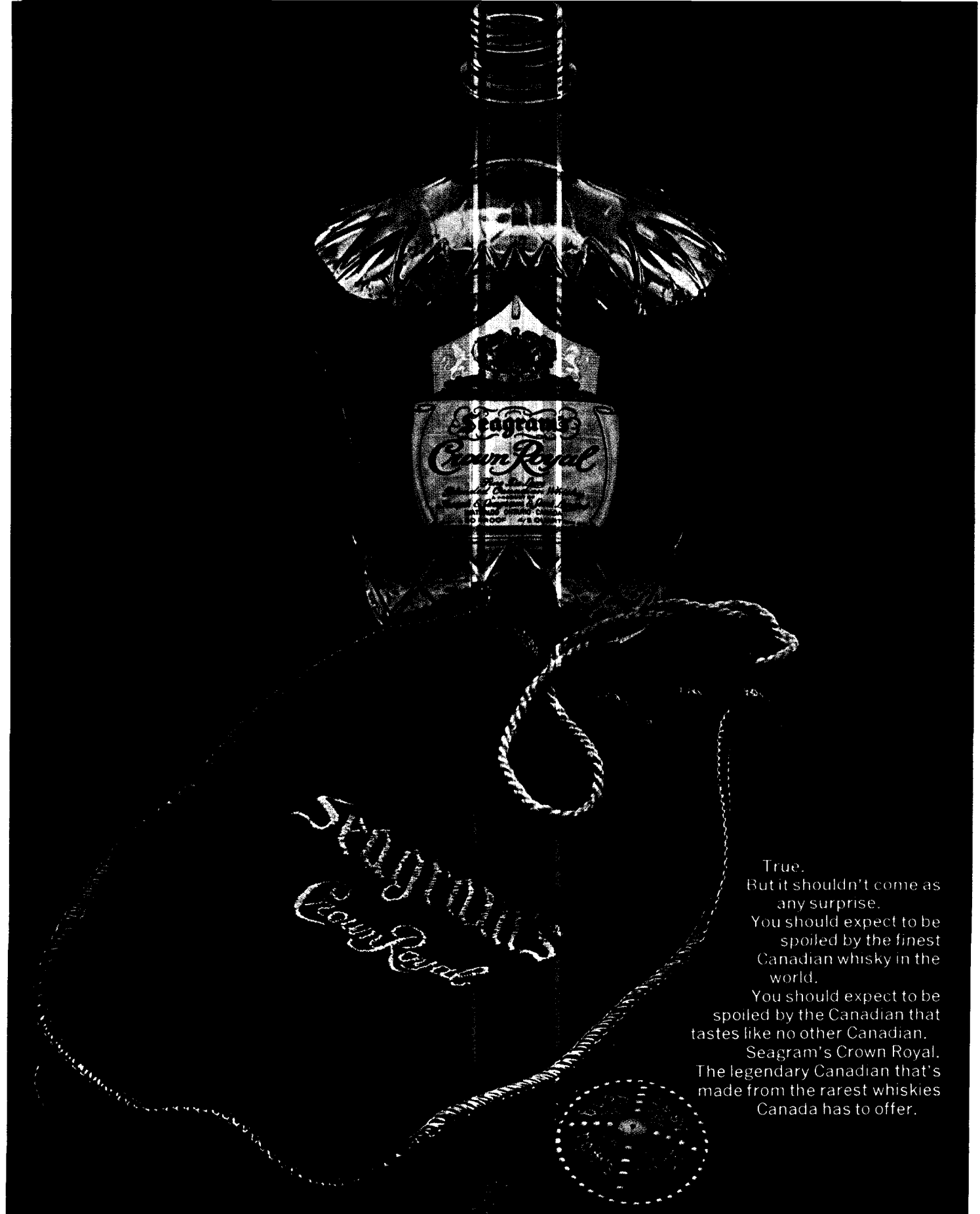

True.
But it shouldn't come as any surprise.
You should expect to be spoiled by the finest Canadian whisky in the world.
You should expect to be spoiled by the Canadian that tastes like no other Canadian.
Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian that's made from the rarest whiskies Canada has to offer.

The purple sack.
Once you open it you're spoiled for life.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.

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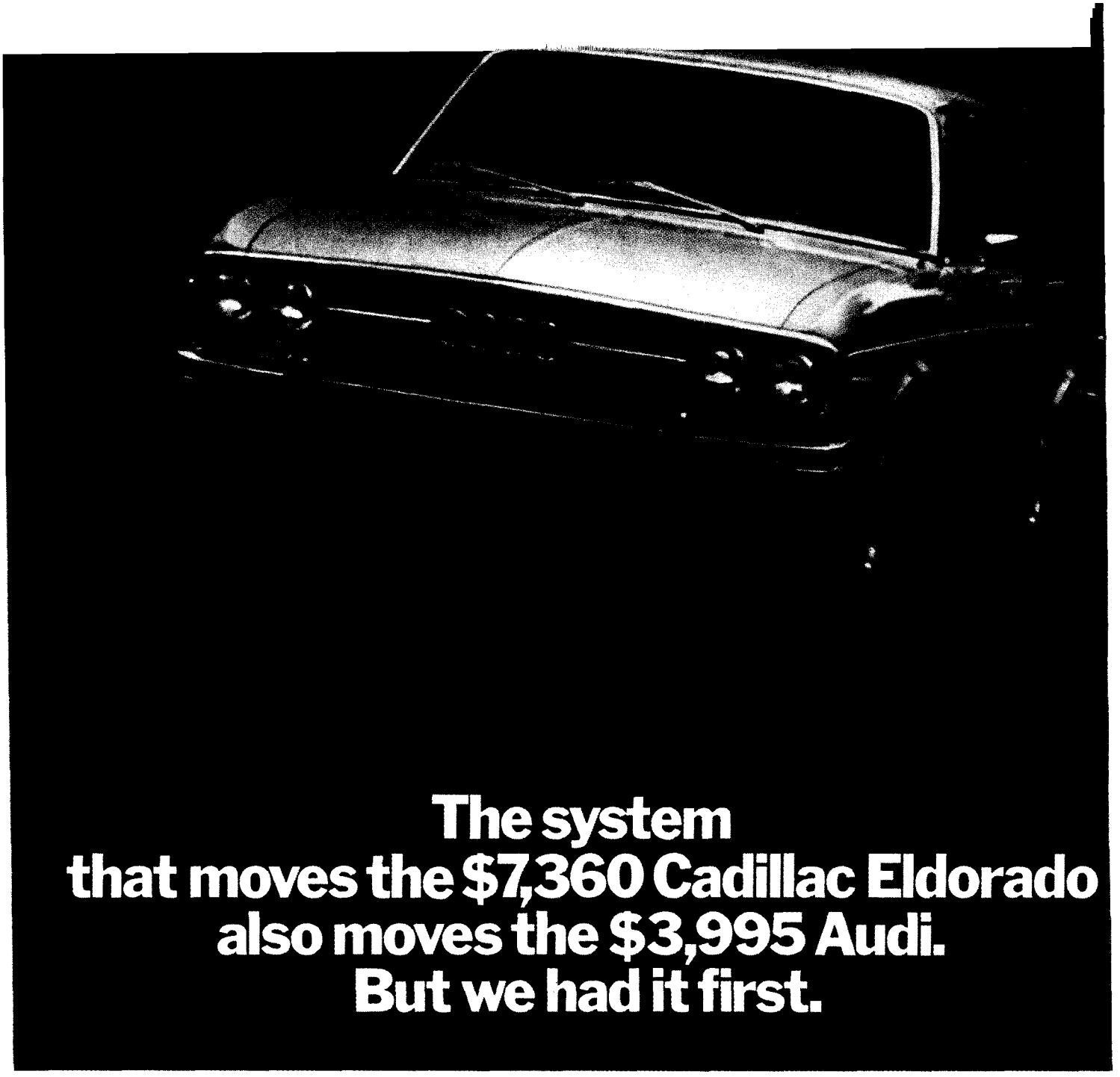

The system that moves the $7,360 Cadillac Eldorado also moves the $3,995 Audi. But we had it first.

Virtually every car in the world moves by a system known as rear-wheel drive. Which means the rear wheels push the car.

The Audi (and, of course, the Eldorado) moves by a system known as front-wheel drive. Which means the front wheels pull the car.

This gives you two distinct advantages:

One, it lets you corner surer. Even on the meanest, most terrifying curve.

And two, it gives you better traction on any kind of surface: rain, snow, mud, even ice.

Besides the $7,360† Cadillac Eldorado, the Audi has some of the best features of seven other great automobiles.

1. It has the same type of steering system as the Ferrari 512 racing car.

2. It has the same type of ignition system as the Porsche 911.

3. It's got the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

4. It's got just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

5. Its interior bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

6. It's got independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

7. It gets the same kind of expert service as a Volkswagen.

A lot of car manufacturers nowadays give you exactly what you pay for.

In the case of the Audi, we give a lot more.

The $3,995* Audi®
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. †Suggested retail price F.O.B. Detroit-Cadillac Eldorado $7,360. Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

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